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APHORISMS OF LANDOR





APHORISMS

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

SELECTED FROM HIS WORKS BY

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON

WITH PORTRAIT

LONDON

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We should hesitate to name any writings which would afford so large and so various a selection of detached passages complete in themselves. . . . We should be at a loss to name the writer of English prose who is his superior, or, setting Shakespeare aside, the writer of English who has furnished us with so many delicate aphorisms of human nature.

—J. R. LOWELL on "Landon."

PREFACE

CRITICS of Landor's work have found themselves confronted at every turn with his deficiency in the "instincts of sequence and connection." His most delicately beautiful dialogues of emotion or action are broken up by ragged transitions, and interrupted by lengthy and irrelevant dissertations. His style, supremely distinguished by the beauty of single passages, is as a whole too coldly severe and regularly firm. In thought and expression alike he becomes occasionally abrupt from lack of completeness and organic construction. He "cannot so properly be called a great thinker, as a man who had great thoughts."

On the other hand his prose at its best is unrivalled for simple force and stately harmony ; his philosophy touches the limits of human thought ; and his judgments are concisely delivered in general terms, suggestively adorned by imaginative similes.

His *aphorisms* may therefore not inappropriately be collected and isolated.

“Landor as an aphoristic writer” is represented in one section of Mr. Sidney Colvin’s admirable selections—*The Golden Treasury Series*; but the aim of that volume, not here repeated, to exhibit the “*general* range and character” of Landor’s powers, forbade a full picture of any one side. It may be said that some of the following extracts are not strictly speaking aphorisms—if indeed the word can be strictly defined—and assuredly they are not all aphoristic in form. The tests applied for selection have been beauty

of language, conciseness of statement, general import of truth. Adjacent sentences, introducing or pointing the epigram, are given ; and the dialogue structure has been deliberately retained.

R. B. J.

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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Faith, Zeal, &c.

1.

Melancthon. There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.—*Melancthon and Calvin.*

2.

Jeanne. One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exertion against the assaults of passion, outvalues a life of prayer.—*The Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel.*

3.

Alpuente. Awake no man from a dream unless he struggles in it. A weak belief is preferable to a bitter unbelief.—*Lopez Banos and Romero Alpuente.*

4.

John-Mary. That is true and very profound: in matters of religion we always say one thing and mean another.—*Don Ferdinand and Don John-Mary-Luis.*

5.

Antonelli. Faith is kept alive by the conflict of spiritual and material.—*Pio Nono and Antonelli.*

6.

Calvin. It becometh not us to repine at the number of vessels which the supremely wise Artificer forms, breaks, and casts away, or at the paucity it pleaseth Him to preserve. The ways of Providence are inscrutable.—*Melancthon and Calvin.*

7.

Melancthon. Doubt itself, between the richest patrimony and utter destitution, is quite sufficiently painful ; and surely it is a hardship to be turned over into a criminal court for having lost in a civil one.—*Melancthon and Calvin.*

8.

Scampa. Only one upon earth is infallible ; and he not in pictures ; it is only in things that nobody in this world can comprehend.—*Cardinal Legate Albani and Picture-Dealers.*

9.

Emperor. That any should voluntarily lay impediments on the operation of their minds is really incredible ; that they should hate you for smoothening

the way before them, and for leaving it open, can only be attributed to the worst depravity, or to insanity the most irremediable.—*Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti.*

10.

Florentine. Religion in fact does not demand much anxiety from us for those who sleep ; and Philosophy is indifferent whether the pace with which the defunct are carried to the grave be quick or slow.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

11.

Villèle. Looking forward makes philosophers ; looking backward makes dissidents : the good Catholic and sound royalist do neither.—*M. Villèle and M. Corbière.*

12.

Nesselrode. Religious wars, the most sanguinary of any, are stifled in the fields of agriculture ; creeds are thrown overboard by commerce.

Nicholas. Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broadsword, and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments.—*Nicholas and Nesselrode.*

13.

Sir Thomas Lucy. Deliver unto us the last words ; for the last of the preacher, as of the hanged, are usually the best.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

Tsing-Ti. There are many things which were formerly known only as poisons, and which are now employed as salutary drugs. Jesuitism is one of these.—*Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti.*

15.

Lacy. Why should intolerance hatch an hypothesis, or increase her own alarm by the obstreperous chuckle of incubation.—*General Lacy and Cura Merino.*

16.

Petrarca. Zeal carries men often too far afloat ; and confessors in general wish to have the sole steerage of the conscience.—*The Pentameron, iii.*

17.

La Fontaine. The less that people talk about God, the better. He has left us a design to fill up. He has placed the canvas, the colours, and the pencils within reach ; His directing hand is over ours incessantly ; it is our business to follow it, and neither to turn round and argue with our Master, nor to kiss and fondle Him. We must mind our lesson, and not neglect our time : for the room is closed early, and the lights are suspended in another, where no one works. If every man would do all the good he might within an hour's walk from his house, he would

live the happier and the longer ; for nothing is so conducive to longevity as the union of activity and content. But, like children, we deviate from the road, however well we know it, and run into mire and puddles in despite of frown and ferule.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

18.

Boccaccio. Never bid a convalescent be more serious : no, nor a sick man neither. To health it may give that composure which it takes away from sickness. Every man will have his hours of seriousness ; but, like the hours of rest, they often are ill chosen and unwholesome. Be assured, our heavenly Father is as well pleased to see His children in the playground as in the school-room. He has provided both for us, and has given us intimations when each should occupy us.—*The Pentameron, iv.*

19.

Beatrice. Surely the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips.—*Dante and Beatrice.*

20.

Martin. Every sect is a moral check on its neighbour. Competition is as wholesome in religion as in commerce.—*Martin and Jack.*

21.

Milton. Will there never be a sanctuary in every private house? Will there never be a time when every mother will be the priestess of her children and family? Our duties are simple and learned easily. No sunrise but awakens one or other of them into activity and growth. Boys are educated, girls are not; yet girls should be educated first, and taught the most impressively. These slender and graceful columns are not only the ornament, but also the support, of society. Men are the braver for the reverence they bear towards them, and in them do they find their reward.—*Milton and Marvel.*

22.

Marvel. The old religions, on several accounts, are better than the later. They are less profuse of foul language, they domineer less, and they cost less; they withdraw none from agriculture or home. The priests exposed no wares for sale, and they kept to their own temples and their own houses. I am no customer of those chapmen whose glass and crockery are so brittle as to draw blood if you break it. I side neither with the cropped nor the periwigged. I will never deal with the dealers in damnation, while I can hear cursing and swearing gratis in the stable-yard.—*Milton and Marvel.*

23.

Marvel. My lord, heaven is not to be won by short hard work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. I prefer a steady pace from the outset to the end ; coming in cool, and dismounting quietly. —*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

24.

Marvel. Prudent and quiet people will choose their churches as they choose their ale-houses,—partly for the wholesomeness of the draught, and partly for the moderation of the charges ; but the host in both places must be civil, and must not damn you, body and soul, by way of invitation. The wheat-sheaf is a very good sign for the one, and a very bad one for the other. Tithes are more ticklish things than tenets, when men's brains are sound ; and there are more and worse stumbling-blocks at the barn-door than at the church-porch.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

25.

Marvel. Persecution follows righteousness : the Scorpion is next in succession to Libra.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

26.

Marvel. When superstitions are only idle, it is wiser to look on them kindly than unkindly. I have remarked that those which serve best for poetry have more plumage than talon, and those which serve best for policy have more talon than plumage.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

27.

Salomon. A young religion jumps upon the shoulders of an older one, and soon becomes like her, by mockery of her tricks, her cant, and her decrepitude. Meanwhile the old one shakes with indignation, and swears there is neither relationship nor likeness. Was there ever a religion in the world that was not the true religion? or was there ever a king that was not the best of kings?—*Alferi and Salomon.*

28.

Hume. Religion is the eldest sister of Philosophy : oft whatever subjects they may differ, it is unbecoming in either to quarrel, and most so about their inheritance.—*David Hume and John Home.*

29.

Barrow. Atheism would make men have too little to do with others : superstition makes them wish to have too much. Atheism would make some fools :

superstition makes many madmen. Atheism would oftener be in good humour than superstition is out of bad.—*Barrow and Newton.*

30.

•
Barrow. God may forgive His creature for not knowing Him when he meets Him ; but less easily for fighting against Him, after talking to Him and supping with Him ; less easily for breaking His image, set up by Him at every door,—and such is man ; less easily for a series of fratricides,—and such is war.—*Barrow and Newton.*

31.

Porson. Mythologies should be kept distinct : the fireplace of one should never be subject to the smoke of another. The gods of different countries, when they come together unexpectedly, are jealous gods ; and, as our old women say, *turn the house out of windows.*—*Southey and Porson.*

32.

Romilly. • Christianity is a plant which grows well from seed, but ill from cuttings : they who have grafted it on a wilding have sometimes succeeded ; never they who (as we have) inoculated it on one cracked in the stem and oozing over with foul luxuriance.—*Romilly and Wilberforce.*

33.

Romilly. The waters of Jordan, which were formerly used for bleaching, serve at present no other purpose than the setting of scarlet and purple.—*Romilly and Wilberforce.*

34.

Romilly. Alas ! I see but one cross remaining on earth, and it is that of the unrepentant thief.—*Romilly and Wilberforce.*

35.

Penn. Hope is the mother of Faith.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

36.

Peterborough. All the rogues that ever lived have brought little misery upon the world, in comparison with those who had too much zeal.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

37.

Penn. The religion of Christ is peace and goodwill. The religion of Christendom is war and ill-will.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

38.

Canning. In our days, only men who have some unsoundness of conscience and some latent fear, reason

against religion ; and those only scoff at it who are pushed back and hurt by it.—*Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning.*

39.

Soliman. Human life is hardly modified in the least degree by articles of faith, excepting when they are first promulgated. Heaven is the place for them.—*Soliman and Musti.*

40.

La Chaise. Heresy is a leprosy, which the whiter it is the worse it is. Those who appear the most innocent and godly, are the very men who do the most mischief and hold the fewest observances. They hardly treat God Almighty like a gentleman, grudge Him a clean napkin at His own table, and spend less upon Him than upon a Christmas dinner.—*Louis XIV. and Father la Chaise.*

41.

Franklin. When certain men cry loudest, they feel least. Indeed, there is a great deal less of bigotry in the world than is usually supposed, and a great deal more insincerity. Our faith is of little moment or concern to those who declaim against it. They are angry, not at our blindness, but that the blind will trust his own dog and staff rather than theirs ; and, what is worse, that he will carry the srip.—*Washington and Franklin.*

42.

Washington. Religion, I agree with you, is too pure for corporations : it is best meditated on in our privacy, and best acted on in our ordinary intercourse with mankind. If we believe in Revelation, we must believe that God wishes us to converse with Him but little, since the only form of address He has prescribed to us is an extremely short one. He has placed us where our time may be more beneficially employed in mutually kind offices ; and He does not desire us to tell Him hour after hour how dearly we love Him, or how much we want from Him : He knows these things exactly.—*Washington and Franklin.*

43.

Washington. The fine linen of popery sticks close to the skin ; and there is much of it in the wardrobe of the English Church.—*Washington and Franklin.*

44.

President. What purgatory may be to any of the dead I cannot tell ; but I see it is a paradise to a great portion of the living.—*Peter Leopold and President du Paty.*

45.

Calvus. Religions, like the sun, take their course from east to west : traversing the globe, they are not

all equally temperate, equally salubrious ; they dry up some lands, and inundate others. . . .

Pollio. In my opinion, that religion is the best in which there is the least of fraud and violence, the most of forbearance and sincerity. —————

Calvus. Wise and good-natured gods will never quarrel about the names they are called by. Do parents whip their children for imperfect pronunciation?—*Asinius Pollio and Licinius Calvus.*

46.

Quinctus. Religion may fight in the street, or over the grave : Philosophy never should.—*Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.*

47.

Lucian. If we are to give pain to any one because he thinks differently from us, we ought to begin by inflicting a few smart stripes on ourselves ; for both upon light and upon grave occasions, if we have thought much and often, our opinions must have varied.—*Lucian and Timotheus.*

48.

Demosthenes. Religion, when it is intended for the uncivilised, must contain things marvellous, things quite absurd to the wiser.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

49.

Alcibiades. It appears to me, O Xenophon, who have thought but little and incuriously about the varieties of religion, that whichever is the least intrusive and dogmatical is the best. All are ancient ; as ancient as men's fears and wishes : the gods would be kind enough if nations would not call on them to scatter and exterminate their enemies.—*Alcibiades and Xenophon.*

50.

Cyrus. Change in rituals is made purely for lucre, and, under the name of Reformation, comes only to break up a virgin turf or to pierce into an unexplored mine.—*Xenophon and Cyrus the Younger.*

51.

Romilly. The worst of unbelief is that which regrets the goodness of our heavenly Father, and from which there springs in us a desire of breaking what we cannot bend, and of twisting wire after wire, and tying knot after knot, in his scourge. Christianity, as I understand it, lies not in belief but in action. That servant is a good servant who obeys the just orders of his master ; not he who repeats his words, measures his stature, or traces his pedigree ! On all occasions, it is well to be a little more than tolerant ; especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us.—*Romilly and Wilberforce.*

52.

Lord Brooke. A forced match between a man and his religion sours his temper, and leaves a barren bed.
—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

53.

Psyllos. All religions, in which there is no craft or cruelty, are pleasing to the immortal gods ; because all acknowledge their power, invoke their presence, exhibit our dependence, and exhort our gratitude. Therefore let us never be remiss in our duty of veneration to those holy men, who not only manifest their good-will toward such as think and worship with them, but also toward the stranger at the steps of other altars. While orators and poets, and philosophers too, are riotous and quarrelsome, malicious and vindictive, Religion leads to herself, and calls her own, the priests of all persuasions, who extend their hands one to another from a distance, unrestricted by jealousy and undefiled by blood.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxxi.

54.

Anaxagoras. Philosophy is but dry bread : men will not live upon it, however wholesome : they require the succulent food and exciting cup of Religion.
—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxx.

55.

Aspasia. We think too much upon *what* the gods have given us, and too little *why*.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ci.

Philosophy and Philosophers

56.

Boccaccio. Philosophy is but the calyx of that plant of paradise, religion. Detach it, and it dies away; meanwhile the plant itself, supported by its proper nutriment, retains its vigour.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

57.

Cleone. I know not what the sophists are good for; I only know they are the very worst instructors. Logic, however unperverted, is not good for boys; argumentation is among the most dangerous of early practices, and sends away both fancy and modesty. The young mind should be nourished with simple and grateful food, and not too copious. It should be little exercised until its nerves and muscles show themselves, and even then rather for air than anything else. Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of age.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lvii.

58.

Rousseau. Truth is the object of philosophy.

Malesherbes. Not of philosophers ; the display of ingenuity, for the most part, is and always has been it. . . . My opinion is, that truth is not reasonably the main and ultimate object of philosophy ; but that philosophy should seek truth merely as the means of acquiring and of propagating happiness. Truths are simple ; wisdom, which is formed by their apposition and application, is concrete : out of this, in its vast varieties, open to our wants and wishes, comes happiness. But the knowledge of all the truths ever yet discovered does not lead immediately to it, nor indeed will ever reach it, unless you make the more important of them bear upon your heart and intellect, and form, as it were, the blood that moves and nurtures them.—*Rousseau and Malesherbes.*

59.

Romilly. A logician will accept many things which a lawyer would reject, and a moralist will attend to some which would be discountenanced by the logician.
—*Romilly and Perceval.*

60.

Epictetus. Every man wishes his sons to be philosophers while they are young ; but takes especial care,

as they grow older, to teach them its insufficiency and unfitness for their intercourse with mankind.—*Epictetus and Seneca.*

61.

Diogenes. This is philosophy, to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

62.

Diogenes. You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labour. The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit and incapable of cultivation a little way below the surface,—of which there is more to manage, and more to know, than any of you will undertake.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

63.

Diogenes. The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges: the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground, and the plants that bear it require ventilation and lopping.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

64.

Rhodopè. Is reflection that which will not lie quiet on the mind, and which makes us ask ourselves questions we cannot answer?

Æsop. Wisdom is but that shadow which we call reflection; dark always, more or less, but usually the most so where there is the most light around it.—

Æsop and Rhodopè, i.

65.

Aristoteles. Knowledge and wisdom are different. We may know many things without an increase of wisdom; but it would be a contradiction to say that we can know anything new without an increase of knowledge.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

66.

La Fontaine. A shrewd reasoner is one thing; a sound philosopher is another.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

-67.

Guicciardini. We all have our projects, and generally on things farthest from our reach. The most accredited of philosophers often tread upon unsound ground.—*Machiavelli and Guicciardini.*

68.

Aspasia. Men of powerful minds, although they never give up philosophy, yet cease by degrees to

make their professions in form, and lay ultimately the presents they have received from her at the feet of history.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxix.

69.

Aspasia. The business of philosophy is to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognizance of the understanding. Speculations on any that lie beyond, are only pleasant dreams, leaving the mind to the lassitude of disappointment. They are easier than geometry and dialectics; they are easier than the efforts of a well-regulated imagination in the structure of a poem. These are usually held forth by them as feathers and thistledown; yet condescend they nevertheless to employ them; numerals as matter and mind; harmony as flute and fiddle-strings to the dances of the stars. In their compositions they adopt the phraseology and curtesy to the cadences of poetry.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxvi.

70.

Aspasia. Philosophy does not always play fair with us. She often eludes us when she has invited us, and leaves us when she has led us the farthest way from home. Perhaps it is because we have jumped up from our seats at the first lesson she would give us, and the easiest, and the best.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxii.

71.

Pericles. Ah, my Aspasia ! Philosophy does not bring her sons together ; she portions them off early, gives them a scanty stock of worm-eaten furniture, a chair or two on which it is dangerous to sit down, and at least as many arms as utensils ; then leaves them ; they seldom meet afterward.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xxxiii.

Truth

72.

Marvel. What falsehoods will not men put on, if they can only pad them with a little piety ! And how few will expose their whole faces, from a fear of being frost-bitten by poverty !—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker*.

73.

Newton. Truth and falsehood are the two great innovators, always at work, and sometimes the one uppermost and sometimes the other.—*Barrow and Newton*.

74.

Pollio. In one way or other (if not to you, to themselves) most men delight in lying ; all in being lied to, provided the lie be soft and gentle, and imperceptible in its approaches.—*Asinius Pollio and Licinius Calvus*.

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75.

Epicurus. Man is a hater of truth, a lover of fiction.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

76.

Barrow. Truth sometimes comes unaware upon caution, and sometimes speaks in public as unconsciously as in a dream.—*Barrow and Newton.*

77.

Middleton. Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities calms men; in larger, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in its excess.—*Middleton and Magliabechi.*

78.

Peterborough. People must be imposed upon for their good. He who said in his heart that all men are liars was none himself on that occasion. Lies and liars are the things and persons the most necessary in our sublunary condition; and without a tinge of falsehood the colours of the fairest character are faint.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

79.

Leopold. There is something of truth in everything. Like gold, it is generally found in small

quantities ; and, as is said of gold, it is universal : even falsehood rests upon it.—*Peter Leopold and President du Paty.*

80.

Lucian. A lie should be exposed as soon as born : we are not to wait until a healthier child is begotten.—*Lucian and Timotheus.*

81.

Diogenes. Lies are as communicative as fleas ; and truth is as difficult to lay hold upon as air.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

82.

Rochefoucault. Plain truths, like plain dishes, are commended by everybody, and everybody leaves them whole.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

• 83.

Landor. Truth sinks deeper into the mind by insinuating than by striking, and is more acceptable for grace than for novelty.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

84.

Sandt. Many things are true which we do not believe to be true ; but more are false which we do not suspect of falsehood.—*Blucher and Sandt.*

85.

Polverel. The ignorant call that treachery which the wiser call policy and decision.—*Queen Pomare, Pritchard, Cap. Polverel, &c.*

86.

Tsing-Ti. Though many men like truth, there is always something they like better. Victory is so sweet a thing, we not only shed words but blood for it; just as the wild men did in the first ages on record.—*Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti.*

87.

Thiers. There are many good men who are afraid of hearing, or even of thinking, the truth. They may lie in a ditch with their hats over their faces; nevertheless the light will come in upon them somewhere. *M. Thiers and M. Lamartine.*

88.

Lord Brooke. Hardly anything which we receive for truth is really and entirely so, let it appear as plain as it may, and let its appeal be not only to the understanding but to the senses; for our words do not follow them exactly; and it is by words we receive truth and express it.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

89.

Lucian. He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—*Lucian and Timotheus.*

90.

Æsop. Flattery often runs beyond Truth, in a hurry to embrace her.—*Æsop and Rhodopè, ii.*

91.

Meton. Rarely have I known a disputant who, however dexterous, did not either drive by Truth or over her, or who stopped to salute her, unless he had something fine or novel to display.—*Pericles and Aspasia, cxii.*

92.

Aspasia. But among friends and philosophers, would it not be better to speak exactly as we think, whether ingeniously or not? Ingenious things, I am afraid, are never perfectly true: however, I would not ~~exclude them~~, the difference being very wide between perfect truth and violated truth; I would not even leave them in a minority; I would hear and say as many as may be, letting them pass current for what they are worth.—*Pericles and Aspasia, lxiii.*

Death, Fate, &c.

93.

Milton. Resentment and controversy cool in the churchyard.—*Milton and Marvel.*

94.

Aspasia. Old men more willingly talk of age than hear others talk of it; and neither fool nor philosopher likes to think of the time when he shall talk no longer.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxxv.

95.

Pericles. The old must give way to the young, nations like men, and men like leaves.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxxvii.

96.

Boccaccio. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings passed away; and so is the noble mind.—*The Pentameron.*

97.

Canning. It is better to think of ourselves than of others; to consider the present as everything, the past and future as nothing.—*Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning.*

98.

Marcus. Everything has its use : life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life.
—*Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.*

99.

Cæsar. Life may concern us, death not ; for in death we neither can act nor reason, we neither can persuade nor command ; and our statues are worth more than we are, let them be but wax.—*Lucullus and Cæsar.*

100.

Sophocles. When we are born we are the same as others ; at our decease we may induce our friends, and oblige our enemies, to acknowledge that others are not the same as we. It is folly to say Death levels the whole human race ; for it is only when he hath stripped men of everything external, that their deformities can be clearly discovered, or their worth correctly ascertained. Gratitude is soon silent ; a little while longer and Ingratitude is tired, is satisfied, is exhausted, or sleeps. Lastly fly off the fumes of party spirit, the hottest and most putrid ebullition of self-love. We then see before us and contemplate calmly the creator of our customs, the ruler of our passions, the arbiter of our pleasures, and, under the gods, the disposer of our destiny.—*Pericles and Sophocles.*

101.

Æsop. Many flowers must perish ere a grain of corn be ripened.—*Æsop and Rhodopè*, i.

102.

Nesselrode. Providence, no less in its beneficence than in its wisdom, hides from us the far future. Conjecture can help us but a little way onward, and we often slip back when we believe we are near the summit.—*Nicholas, Frederick-William, and Nesselrode.*

103.

Shakespeare. Nothing is painfuller than to have the pail shaken off the head when it is brimful of the waters of life, and we are walking staidly under it.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

104.

Petrarca. We cannot have all we wish for. Nothing is said oftener, nothing earlier, nothing later. It begins in the arms with the chidings of the nurse; it will terminate with the milder voice of the physician at the death-bed. But although everybody has heard and most have said it, yet nobody seems to have said or considered, that it is much, very much, to be able to form and project our wishes; that, in the voyage we take to compass and turn them to account, we

breath freely and hopefully ; and that it is chiefly in the stagnation of port we are in danger of disappointment and disease.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

105.

Vittoria Colonna. Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many ?) the images of early love return with an inviting yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel Angelo*.

106.

Lucullus. To stand upon one's guard against Death exasperates her malice, and protracts our sufferings.—*Lucullus and Cæsar*.

107.

Æsop. It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late ; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present while we are insensible of infirmity and decay : but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come.

There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave : there are no voices, O Rhodopè, that are not soon mute, however tuneful : there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.—*Æsop and Rhodopè*, i.

108.

Cleone. How long and how assiduous are we in spinning that thread, the softest and finest in the web of life, which Destiny snaps asunder in one moment.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xlix.

109.

Aspasia. Of the future we know nothing, of the past little, of the present less ; the mirror is too close to our eyes, and our own breath dims it.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xcvii.

110.

Anaxagoras. Oblivion throws her light coverlet over our infancy ; and soon after we are out of the cradle we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it ; and weariness follows whichever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look around us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of our existence, fold our arms, and fall asleep again.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxiv.

III.

Bossuet. There is, however, no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.—*Bossuet and Duchess de Fontanges.*

II2.

Machiavelli. The sleeper is more tranquil than the wide-awake, and the dead even than he.—*Machiavelli and Guicciardini.*

II3.

Ternissa. Oh, what a thing is age!

Leontion. Death without death's quiet.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

II4.

Cleone. Until we have seen some one grow old, our existence remains stationary. When we feel certain of having seen it (which is not early) the earth begins a little to loosen from us.—*Pericles and Aspasia, ccxxxii.*

Miscellaneous

II5.

Banos. Principles do not mainly govern even the principled: we talk on principle, but we act on interest.—*Lopez Banos and Romero Alpuente.*

116.

Villèle. Always to set one right is very wrong: patience wears out under it. The indexes of a watch may be turned by key after key, and finger after finger, until at last they are so loose that everything moves them but the works.—*M. Villèle and M. Corbière.*

117.

Eldon. Persons who have thrown themselves under tribulation by their extravagances roll themselves up in a new morality with all the nap upon it, and are profuse in the loan of sympathies.—*Eldon and Encombe.*

118.

Francesco Madiati. Charity too is among those plants which, although they thrive best under the genial warmth of heaven, do not wither and weaken and die down deprived of air and sunshine.—*Archbishop of Florence and Madiati.*

119.

Dante. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth: the other stands fixed and solid and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest, above all that is residuous of a wasted

world. Little men build up great ones; but the snow colossus soon melts. The good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.—*Dante and Beatrice*,

120.

Alfieri. We must not always think of what will make us most happy: we must excite the best energies of men, and control the worst. I have no pleasure in spurring or whipping my horse; yet my horse must occasionally be whipped and spurred.—*Alfieri and Metastasio*.

121.

Parker. Fie, fie! Mr. Marvel! Consolations for frailty!

Marvel. What wants them more? The reed is cut down, and seldom does the sickle wound the hand that cuts it. There it lies; trampled on, withered, and soon to be blown away.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker*.

122.

Marvel. The foot that has slipped back is less ready for progress than the foot that never had advanced.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker*.

123.

Parker. Consciousness of error is, to a certain extent, a consciousness of understanding; and correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

124.

Sidney. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

125.

Brooke. Wise or unwise, who doubts for a moment that contentment is the cause of happiness? Yet the inverse is true: we are contented because we are happy, and not happy because we are contented. Well-regulated minds may be satisfied with a small portion of happiness; none can be happy with a small portion of content.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

126.

Romilly. After so many have coldly repeated that vice leads to misery, is there no generous man who will proclaim aloud that misery leads to vice?—*Romilly and Wilberforce.*

127.

Penn. Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.—
William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

128.

Michel. Will others do it if I do? blights more good than takes growth : and, *If I do not, others will,* prompts to more evil than is allowed to lie inert.—
Nicolas and Michel.

129.

Solon. No good man ever gave anything without being the more happy for it, unless to the undeserving, nor ever took anything away without being the less so.—*Solon and Pisistratus.*

130.

Noble. Whatever is worthy to be loved for anything is worthy to be preserved,—*Oliver Cromwell and Walter Noble.*

131.

Penn. It is easy to look down on others ; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

132.

Petrarca. We both alike feel the sorrows of those around us. He who suppresses or allays them in

another, breaks many thorns off his own ; and future years will never harden fresh ones.—*The Pentameron*, v.

133.

Dante. Hope is nearly as strong as despair, and greatly more pertinacious and enduring.—*Dante and Beatrice*.

134.

Barrow. Deafness is not to be healed by breaking the head, nor blindness by pulling the eyes out : it is time the doctors should try new experiments ; if they will not, it is time that the patients should try new doctors.—*Barrow and Newton*.

135.

Peterborough. Children are afraid of being left in the dark ; men are afraid of *not* being left in it.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough*.

136.

Saez. Where demonstrations come in the van, remonstrations come in the rear.—*Don Victor Saez and El Rey Netto*.

137.

Pericles. In the intellectual, as in the physical, men grasp you firmly and tenaciously by the hand,

creeping close at your side, step for step, while you lead them into darkness; but when you conduct them into sudden light, they start and quit you.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxxviii.

138.

Talleyrand. Neither in the body nor in the mind is it advantageous to possess too microscopic a vision. Pitfalls may be found in those pores which are of a satin texture to the gentle touch of a discreet observer; and those lips, which to the enthusiastic poet are roses, rise before the minute philosopher into the ruggedest coral rocks, not uninhabited by their peculiar monsters.—*Talleyrand and Archbishop of Paris*.

139.

Emperor. There are many things of which it is shameful to be ignorant; and more of which it is shameful to be perplexed.—*Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti*.

140.

Alfieri. Men are gradually tired of being good; every one hates to be told how much better was his father.—*Alfieri and Metastasio*.

HUMAN NATURE

Various Reflections

141.

Barrow. Felicity and excellence rarely meet, and hardly know one another.—*Barrow and Newton.*

142.

Petrarca. It appears to be the will of Providence that power and happiness shall never co-exist.—*The Pentameron*, iii.

143.

Pericles. To offend any person is the next foolish thing to being offended.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxvii.

144.

Aspasia. Secrecy and mystery drive the uninitiated into suspicion and distrust : an honest man never will propose, and a prudent man never will comply with, the condition. What is equitable and proper lies wide open on the plain, and is accessible to all, without an entrance through labyrinth or defile.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxvi.

145.

Johnson. We are happy by the interchange of kind offices, and even by the expression of good-will. Heat and animosity, contest and conflict, may sharpen the wits, although they rarely do ; they never strengthen the understanding, clear the perspicacity, guide the judgment, or improve the heart.—*Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

146.

Marvel. A man's self is often his worst robber. He steals from his own bosom and heart what God has there deposited, and he hides it out of his way, as dogs and foxes do with bones.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

147.

Barrow. Correct your own ill habits, and you need not dread your rival's.—*Barrow and Newton.*

148.

Petrarca. Men often give the hand to the madness that seizes them.—*The Pentameron, ii.*

149.

Petrarca. Impossible as it is to look far and with pleasure into the future, what a privilege is it, how incomparably greater than any other that genius can

confer, to be able to direct the backward flight of fancy and imagination to the recesses they most delighted in; to be able, as the shadows lengthen in our path, to call up before us the youth of our sympathies in all their tenderness and purity!—*The Pentameron*, ii.

150.

Boccaccio. Sighs are very troublesome when none meet them half-way.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

151.

Quinctus. The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure not only is not possession, but is often to be lost and always to be endangered by it. In life, as in those prospects which if the sun were above the horizon we should see from hence, the objects covered with the softest light, and offering the most beautiful forms in the distance, are wearisome to attain, and barren.—*Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero*.

152.

Penn. Reflection, from whatever quarry extracted, is the foundation of solid pleasures, which foundation, we think, cannot be laid too early in the season.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough*.

153.

Duke. Do not encourage men, ignorant men particularly, to throw off any restraint you find upon them : it is no easy matter to put another in the place, well-looking as it may be, and clever as you may think yourself in cutting it out and fitting it to the wearer.
—*Wellington and Sir Robert Inglis.*

154.

Mufti. O son of Selim ! if every man reads, one or two in every province will think.—*Soliman and Mufti.*

155.

Lucian. Unfortunately doubts keep pace with discoveries. They are like warts, of which the blood that springs from a great one extirpated makes twenty little ones.—*Lucian and Timotheus.*

156.

Jeanne. Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked at : lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought.—*The Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel.*

157.

Lacy. Enthusiasm makes way for reflection, and reflection leads to that concord which we both desire.

We think first of our wrongs, and afterward of our rights. Injustice may become, where there is any thing to be stirred, a lighter evil to the sufferer than to the worker.—*General Lacy and Cura Merino.*

158.

Aspasia. Is it sublime to strain our vision into a fog? and must we fancy we see far because we are looking where nobody can see farther?—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxvi.

159.

Aspasia. Cleone! there are little things that leave no little regrets.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ci.

160.

Aspasia. Surely of all our pursuits and speculations, the most instructive is, how the braver pushed back their sufferings, how the weaker bowed their heads and asked for sympathy, how the soldier smote his breast at the fallacies of glory, and how the philosopher paused and trembled at the depth of his discoveries.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxlvii.

161.

Aspasia. How many, adorned with all the rarities of intellect, have stumbled on the entrance into life, and have made a wrong choice on the very thing which was to determine their course for ever! This

is among the reasons, and perhaps is the principal one, why the wise and the happy are two distinct classes of men.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxxvi.

162.

Landor. My dear friend ! thought is never thrown away : wherever it falls, or runs, or rests, it fertilises.—*Hare and Landor*.

163.

Vittoria. Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness ; the weaker terminate in the sterile sand, the stronger in the vale of tears.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo*.

164.

Doctor Glastin. He alone who maketh you wiser maketh you greater ; and it is only by such an implement that Almighty God Himself effects it.—*Citation of Shakespeare*.

165.

Barrow. We must not indulge in unfavourable views of mankind, since by doing it we make bad men believe that they are no worse than others, and we teach the good that they are good in vain.—*Barrow and Newton*.

166.

Roche foucault. You may call every creature under heaven fool and rogue, and your auditor will join with

you heartily: hint to him the slightest of his own defects or foibles, and he draws his rapier. You and he are the judges of the world, but not its denizens.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

167.

Solon. The worst of fools, Pisistratus, are those who once had wisdom. Not to possess what is good is a misfortune: but to change what we know hath served us, and would serve us still, for what never has and never can; for what on the contrary hath always been pernicious to the holder—is the action of an incorrigible idiot.—*Solon and Pisistratus.*

168.

Solon. Long possession of any property makes us anxious to retain it, and insensible, if not to the cares it brings with it, at least to the real cause of them.—*Solon and Pisistratus.*

169.

Normanby. Neither our weaknesses nor our strength should come into play incessantly. Both were given us wisely; which I should say, even if I could think of no other purpose than the necessity of moderating them.—*Richelieu, Cotes, Glengrin, and Normanby.*

170.

Alfieri. We are apt to value many things for what they have cost us, before we take the trouble of calculating their intrinsic worth.—*Alfieri and Metastasio.*

171.

Landor. We dislike everything a little when we dislike anything much.—*Southey and Landor.*

172.

Alcibiades. Every man must be rash once; it saves him from as much inconvenience and mischief as being oftener rash would incur.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ccxiii.

173.

Aspasia. The movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please, on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cliv.

174.

Aspasia. How many things are there that people pretend to dislike, without any reason, as far as we know, for the dislike or the pretence!—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xcix.

175.

Boccaccio. Would we break a precious vase, because it is as capable of containing the bitter as the sweet? No: the very things which touch us the most sensibly are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. . . . The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall: and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

176.

Pericles. It were idle and foolish to shake the contents of a vase in order to let them settle at last. We are perpetually labouring to destroy our delight, our composure, our devotion to superior power. Of all the animals upon earth we least know what is good for us. My opinion is, that what is best for us is our admiration of good.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxxiv.

177.

Petrarca. There being no pleasure in thinking ill, it is wonderful there should be any in speaking ill.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

178.

Boccaccio. Envy would conceal herself under the shadow and shelter of contemptuousness, but she dwells too huge for the den she creeps into. Let her there and crack, and think no more about her.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

179.

Cleone. Let us enjoy, whenever we have an opportunity, the delight of admiration, and perform the duties of reverence.—*Pericles and Aspasia*.

180.

Anacreon. Everything is every man's over which his senses extend. What you can enjoy is yours; what you cannot, is not.—*Anacreon and Polycrates*.

181.

Plato. It appears to me a more philosophical thing to avoid what is insulting and vexatious, than to breast and brave it.—*Diogenes and Plato*.

182.

Hare. It is moroseness to scowl at the levity of impudence; it is affability, not without wisdom, to be amused by it.—*Hare and Landor*.

183.

Cleone. The unfortunate meet and embrace : the fortunate meet and tear each other to pieces. What wonder that the righteous gods allow to prosperity so brief a space !—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cix.

184.

Pericles. I feel no interest in the support of an hypothesis. Take it, or reject it ; I would rather that you rejected it, if you would replace it with another and a better. Many things pass across the mind, which are neither to be detained in it with the intention of insisting on them as truths, nor are to be dismissed from it as idle and intrusive. Whatever gives exercise to our thoughts, gives them not only activity and strength, but likewise range.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxxviii.

185.

Pericles. The remembrance of past days that were happy, increases the gloominess of those that are not, and intercepts the benefits of those that would be.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ccxxiv.

186.

Jeanne. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort ; and patience and piety and salutary knowledge

spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine or there is oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed.—*Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel.*

187.

Emperor. Proverbs, O Tsing-Ti, prove one man wise, but rarely make another so. Experience, adversity, and affliction impress divine lessons deeply.—*Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti.*

188.

Aspasia. It is owing to a stout nurse that many have lived to an extreme old age.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xliv.

189.

Boccaccio. We are immoderately fond of warming ourselves; and we do not think, or care, what the fire is composed of.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

190.

Porson. He who tramples on rocks is in danger of breaking his shins; and he who tramples on sand or sawdust loses his labour.—*Southey and Porson.*

191.

Peterborough. Those who have corn may not care for roses; and those who have dog-roses may not

care for double ones. I have a buttonhole that wants a posy.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

192.

Mahomet. All native countries are most beautiful ; yet we want something from them which they will not give us. Our first quarrels of any seriousness are with them ; as the first screams and struggles of infants, the first tearing of robes and sobs of anger, are against their mothers.—*Mahomet and Sergius.*

193.

Petrarca. It is into quiet water that children throw pebbles to disturb it. It is into deep caverns that the idle drop sticks and dirt.—*The Pentameron, v.*

194.

Phocion. The highest price we can pay for anything is to ask it.—*Æschines and Phocion.*

195.

Blucher. It is not by striking the head of the serpent that we can extinguish the animal or shake out its venom ; we must also crush down its voluminous risings, cut off its tail, and break it in the middle.—*Blucher and Sandt.*

196.

Petrarca. He who has much gold is none the poorer for having much silver too.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

197.

Sir Silas. If we keep wheeling and wheeling like a flock of pigeons, and rising again when we are within a foot of the ground, we shall never fill the crow.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

198.

Sir Silas. If one wants to be thirsty, the tail of a stockfish is as good for it as the head of a logician.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

199.

Shakespeare. A word in the ear is often as good as a halter under it, and saves the groat.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

200.

Sir Thomas. He must tie his shoe tightly who passeth through mire; he must step softly who step-
heth over stones; he must walk in the fear of the
Lord who hopeth to reach the end of the straightest
road in safety.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

201.

Shakespeare. Give a countryman a plough of silver, and he will plough with it all the season, and never know its substance.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

202.

There are certain eyes which, seeing objects at a distance, take snow for sunshine.—*The Poems of Catullus.*

203.

Louis Philippe. Some acquire more by sweeping up the straw and litter than others by threshing out the grain.—*Louis Philippe and M. Guizot.*

204.

Jeanne. The deliverance that is never hoped, seldom comes. We conquer by hope and trust.—*The Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel.*

205.

Vittoria. If men, in general, were much nearer to perfection than they are, the noblest of human works would be farther from it.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

206.

Aspasia. Three affections of the soul predominate; Love, Religion, and Power. The first two are often

united ; the other stands widely apart from them, and neither is admitted nor seeks admittance to their society.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxi.

207.

Aspasia. Ridicule often parries resentment, but resentment never yet parried ridicule.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxxvii.

208.

Sidney. He who complains deserves what he complains of.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney*.

209.

Sidney. It is better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney*.

210.

Marvel. What is usually thought on any subject of importance, and on many of none, lies under the suspicion of being wrong ; for surely the number of those who think correctly is smaller than of those who think incorrectly, even where passions and interests interfere the least.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker*.

211.

Walter Landor. I prefer high authorities to lower, analogy to fashion, a Restoration to a Usurpation.—*Archdeacon Hare and Walter Landor*.

212.

Peterborough. The oil runs to that part of a lamp where there is heat to use it; the animal spirits, in like manner, to the occupation that can absorb them.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

213.

Sandt. The chain of Prometheus is hanging yet upon his rock, and weaker limbs writhe daily in its rusty links.—*Sandt and Kotzebue.*

214.

Sandt. We pour out wine to those about us, wishing the same fellowship and conviviality to others; but to enlarge the circle would disturb and deaden its harmony. We irrigate the ground in our gardens; the public road may require the water equally, yet we give it rather to our borders; and first to those that lie against the house! . . . We must have an object and an aim, or our strength, if any strength belongs to us, will be useless.—*Sandt and Kotzebue.*

215.

Cleone. Tears, O Aspasia, do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests in the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

216.

Epicurus. Leontion knows not, then, how sweet and sacred idleness is.

Leontion. To render it sweet and sacred, the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and fountains and perennial flowers; a careless company! Sleep is called sacred as well as sweet by Homer: and idleness is but a step from it. The idleness of the wise and virtuous should be both, it being the repose and refreshment necessary for past exertions and for future: it punishes the bad man, it rewards the good: the deities enjoy it, and Epicurus praises it.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

217.

Epicurus. Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or obtaining the higher.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

218.

Pericles. It is a pity that they [metaphors] are often lamps which light nothing, and show only the nakedness of the walls they are nailed against.—*Pericles and Aspasia, cxliv.*

219.

Pericles. A slender shrub, the ornament of your private walk, may with moderate effort be drawn straight again from any obliquity; but such an attempt,

were it practicable, would crack every fibre in the twisted tree that overshades the forest.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxxviii.

220.

Cleone. Doubtless we are pleased to take our daily walk by streams that reflect the verdure and the flowers ; but the waters of a gloomy cavern may be as pellucid and pure, and more congenial to our graver thoughts and bolder imaginations.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxviii.

221.

Pericles. What a deal of time we lose in business !
—*Pericles and Aspasia*, civ.

Classes of Men

222.

Marvel. Your conscientious men are oftener conscientious in withholding than in bestowing.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker*.

223.

Cleone. There is every reason why a good-natured person should make us good-natured, but none whatever why an ill-natured one should make us ill-natured : neither of them ought to make us unjust.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxviii.

224.

Pericles. Many in every army are so nearly on an equality in courage, that any attempt of theirs to show a superiority is ineffectual. Unbecoming language can neither prove nor disprove it, but must detract from its worth and merit. Discretion, on the contrary, is the sure sign of that presence of mind without which valour strikes untimely and impotently. Judgment alone makes courage available, and conciliates power with genius.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ccxxi.

225.

La Fontaine. The sweetest souls, like the sweetest flowers, soon canker in cities, and no purity is rarer there than the purity of delight.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault*.

226.

Florentine. No very studious man was ever very cruel ; no two things in nature have less affinity than violence and reflection.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor*.

227.

Panenos. He who loves not music is a beast of one species ; he who overloves it is a beast of another, whose brain is smaller than a nightingale's, and his heart than a lizard's.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cviii.

228.

Pericles. Even dissimulation is useful and necessary : it proceeds from self-command. Simulation, on the contrary, is falsehood, and easily acquired by the meanest intellect. A powerful man, often dissembles : he stands erect in the course of glory, with open brow but with breast supprest : the feebler mind is ready to take refuge in its poverty, under the sordid garb of whining simulation. . . .

In oratory there are few who can afford to be frugal : in economy there are few who can afford to act otherwise than frugally. I am a public man, and it little becomes me to leave room for suspicion that, by managing ill my own small affairs, I may be negligent in the greater of the commonwealth.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cc.

229.

Æschines. A weak orator raises his voice higher than a powerful one, as the lame raise their legs higher than the sound.—*Æschines and Phocion*.

230.

Alcibiades. The world is occupied, O Xenophon, and occupied almost exclusively, by knaves who deceive and by fools who are deceived. Our nurses lull us to sleep by their cant ; other old women take us out of their arms and prolong it by incantations.—*Alcibiades and Xenophon*.

231.

Diogenes. Great men too often have greater faults than little men can find room for.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

232.

Talleyrand. A book, whatever be its contents, is unfit for the drawing-room unless it is bound and gilt : in like manner a gentleman is unfit for State or Society unless he is decorated or titled.—*Talleyrand and Archbishop of Paris.*

233.

Scampa. He who would sell his Raphael would sell his child.—*Cardinal Legate Albani and Picture-Dealers.*

234.

Callisthenes. They who are jealous of power are so from a consciousness of strength ; they who are jealous of wisdom are so from a consciousness of wanting it.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

235.

Aristoteles. Talkative men seldom read.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

236.

Sandt. The soldier is the highest or the lowest of mankind. He must be a rescuer or a robber : he can be which he prefers.—*Blucher and Sandt.*

237.

Peterborough. There are only three classes of men that we in general have no patience with,—superiors, inferiors, and equals.—*William Pitt and Lord Peterborough.*

238.

Cleone. As there are some flowers which you should smell but slightly to extract all that is pleasant in them, and which, if you do otherwise, emit what is unpleasant or noxious, so there are some men with whom a slight acquaintance is quite sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable ; a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe.—*Pericles and Aspasia, lviii.*

239.

Barrow. Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing ; those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world.—*Barrow and Newton.*

240.

Barrow. Let a gentleman be known to have been cheated of twenty pounds, and it costs him forty a year for the remainder of his life.—*Barrow and Newton.*

241.

Barrow. Never take into your confidence, or admit often into your company, any man who does

not know, on some important subject, more than you do.—*Barrow and Newton.*

242.

Newton. Sir ! in a word—ought a studious man to think of matrimony ?

Barrow. Painters, poets, mathematicians, never ought : other studious men, after reflecting for twenty years upon it, may. Had I a son of your age, I would not leave him in a grazing country. Many a man hath been safe among cornfields, who falls a victim on the grass under an elm. There are lightnings very fatal in such places.—*Barrow and Newton.*

243.

Cleone. I do believe, Aspasia, that studious men, who look so quiet, are the most restless men in existence.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxv.

244.

Demophile. People never weep nor work, themselves, who can make others weep and work for them.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, c.

245.

Aspasia. Nothing pleases men like renewing their ancient alliance with the brutes, and breaking off the more recent one with their fellow-creatures.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxii.

246.

Milton. We are all of the earth, earthy. They who are proud of family antiquity ought to be ashamed of beating a dog, who, we are certified, is of older creation. Probably the worms are of older still. Happily they are deaf and dumb; if they had ears and tongues, they would never so misapply them as we often do. We shall soon lie in the midst of them as quiet and mute as they are. We cause the bloodshed of one another, and often go far afield to chase the unoffending. The greediest worms are guiltless of the like: they only exact what is their inheritance; we must pay them the debt we owe them; let it be unreluctantly!—*Milton and Marvel.*

247.

Marvel. I look to a person of very old family as I do to anything else that is very old, and I thank him for bringing to me a page of romance which probably he himself never knew or heard about. Usually, with all his pride and pretensions, he is much less conscious of the services his ancestor performed, than my spaniel is of his own when he carries my glove or cane to me. I would pat them both on the head for it; and the civiler and more reasonable of the two would think himself well rewarded.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

Intellect

248.

Pericles. Wholesome is the wisdom that we have gained from misfortune, and sweet the repose that dwells upon renown.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xciv.

249.

Achilles. To talk and to think like a child is not always a proof of folly; it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs where the strength of wisdom fails.—*Achilles and Helena*.

250.

Panætius. We see little when we are cast down; and when we are raised high we are ill inclined to see all we might.—*Scipio, Polybius, Panætius*.

251.

Barrow. Do not fear to be less rich in the productions of your mind at one season than at another. Marshes are always marshes, and pools are pools; but the sea, in those places where we admire it most, is sometimes sea and sometimes dry land; sometimes it brings ships into port, and sometimes it leaves them where they can be refitted and equipt. The capacious mind neither rises nor sinks, neither labours nor rests, in vain. Even in those intervals when it loses the consciousness of its powers, when it swims as it were

in vacuity, and feels not what is external nor internal, it acquires or recovers strength, as the body does by sleep.—*Barrow and Newton.*

252.

Michel-Angelo. We may make a large hole in a brick wall, and easily fill it up; but the slightest flaw in a ruby or a chrysolite is irreparable. Thus it is in minds. The ordinary soon take offence, and (as they call it) make it up again: the sensitive and delicate are long-suffering; but their wounds heal imperfectly, if at all.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

253.

Petrarca. There are some men who delight in heating themselves with wine, and others with head-strong frowardness. These are resolved to agitate the puddle of their blood by running into parties, literary or political, and espouse a champion's cause with such ardour that they run against everything in their way.—*The Pentameron, iv.*

254.

Demosthenes. When we talk diversely of the same person or thing, we do not of necessity talk inconsistently.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

255.

Rhodopè. We never say the same thing in the same manner when we have been interrupted.—*Æsop and Rhodopè*, i.

256.

Southey. Where there is genius there should be geniality.—*Southey and Porson.*

257.

Franklin. Erudition (as we use the word) begins with societies, and ends with professions and orders.—*Washington and Franklin.*

258.

Landor. The learning of those who are called the learned is learning at second-hand : the primary and most important must be acquired by reading in our own bosoms ; the rest by a deep insight into other men's. What is written is mostly an imperfect and unfaithful copy.—*The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.*

259.

Tooke. As where there is omniscience there is omnipotence, so wisdom (we seem to think) is always in proportion to power. A great man feels no want of it ; and faulty arguments are only to be discovered through a hole in the dress.—*Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

260.

Barrow. Quickness is among the least of the mind's properties, and belongs to her in almost her lowest state : nay, it doth not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. The mad often retain it ; the liar has it, the cheat has it ; we find it on the race-course and at the card-table : education does not give it, and reflection takes away from it.—*Barrow and Newton.*

261.

Marvel. Superficial men have no absorbing passion : there are no whirlpools in a shallow.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

262.

Rochefoucault. Nothing is quite the same to the intellect of any two men, much less of all.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

263.

Alfieri. Weak minds, like weak liquors, soon effervesce ; and sound scholars have not always strong heads.—*Alfieri and Metastasio.*

264.

Catharine. Thinking is an enemy to beauty, and no friend to tenderness.—*Empress Catharine and Princess Dashkof.*

265.

Vittoria. A well-ordered mind touches no branch of intellectual pleasure so brittle and incompilant as never to be turned to profit.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

Character

266.

Leopold. A man's vanity tells him what is honour, a man's conscience what is justice; the one is busy and importunate in all times and places; the other but touches the sleeve when men are alone, and, if they do not mind it, leaves them. Point of honour you may well call it; for such precisely is the space it occupies.—*Peter Leopold and President Du Paty.*

267.

Penn. Sense of honour, it appeareth to me, is that exquisite perception whereby a man apprehendeth how he may do the most injury to others for the longest time; how he may be most acceptable to society at the least expense or pains.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

268.

Helena. The feeble are obedient; the weary may rest even in the presence of the powerful.—*Achilles and Helena.*

269.

Epicurus. Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

Leontion. Explain to me then, O Epicurus, why we suffer so much from ingratitude.

Epicurus. We fancy we suffer from ingratitude, while in reality we suffer from self-love. Passion weeps while she says, "I did not deserve this from him:" Reason, while she says it, smoothes her brow at the clear fountain of the heart.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

270.

Hare. Vanity and presumption are not always the worst parts of the man they take possession of, although they are usually the most prominent. Malignity sticks as closely to him, and keeps more cautiously out of sight.—*Hare and Landor.*

271.

Southey. The man who early in the day has overcome, by vigilance and restraint, the strong impulses of his blood towards intemperance falls not into it after, but stands composed and complacent upon the cool clear eminence, and hears within himself, amid the calm he has created, the tuneful pæan of a godlike

victory. Yet he loves the Virtue more because he fought for her than because she crowned him.—*Southey and Porson.*

272.

Kosciusko. Gratitude is nothing more than justice in a fit of generosity, and permitting a love or a genius to carry off her scales.—*Kosciusko and Poniatowski.*

273.

Aristoteles. On the same principle as impudence is the quality of great speakers and disputants, modesty is that of great readers and composers.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

274.

Penn. Neither the ignorance nor the passions of mankind are immediately and of themselves the causes of their corruption and wretchedness, but the uses and ends to which they have been converted by the warier.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

275.

Montaigne. Boys laugh at a person who falls in the dirt; men laugh rather when they make him fall, and most when the dirt is of their own laying.—*Scaliger and Montaigne.*

276.

Walter Landor. The practice of barring out the master is still continued in the world's great school-room. Our sturdy boys do not fear a flogging : they fear only a book or a lecture.—*Hare and Landor.*

277.

Landor. Those who by nature are grateful are often by nature vindictive : one of these properties is the sense of kindness, the other of unkindness.—*The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.*

278.

Aristoteles. Men universally are ungrateful toward him who instructs them, unless, in the hours or in the intervals of instruction, he presents a sweet cake to their self-love.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

279.

Tsing-Ti. The love of the generous man expands and displays itself in the sunshine of his liberality ; the love of the wise man reposes in the shade of his discretion.—*Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti.*

280.

Princess. The hearts of great men neither collapse in the hour of personal danger, nor ossify in that of public distress.—*Carlo-Alberto and Belgioioso.*

281.

La Fontaine. More is heard of cruelty than of curiosity, because, while curiosity is silent both in itself and about its object, cruelty on most occasions is like the wind,—boisterous in itself, and exciting a murmur and bustle in all the things it moves among.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

282.

Landor. There are divine beings and immortal men on the one side, mortal men and brute beasts on the other. The two parties stand compact; each stands separate: the distance is wide, but there is nothing in the interval.—*Southey and Landor.*

283.

Machiavelli. There are more who are sensible to affronts than there are who are sensible to freedom; and vindictiveness, in many breasts the last cherished relic of justice, is in some the only sign of it.—*Machiavelli and Michel-Angelo.*

284.

Machiavelli. The truckle-bed of valour and freedom is not wadded with floss-silk.—*Machiavelli and Michel-Angelo.*

285.

Johnson. No, sir; impudence is to virtue what cynicism is to stoicism. Nothing is harder or crueller; nothing seems less so.—*Samuel Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

286.

Bossuet. An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it, you are unhappy; if you accept it, you are undone.—*Bossuet and the Duchess de Fontanges.*

287.

Aspasia. There are proud men of so much delicacy that it almost conceals their pride and perfectly excuses it.—*Pericles and Aspasia, cxii.*

288.

He who is seated on beechwood hath very different thoughts and moralities from him who is seated on goose-feathers under doe-skin.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

289.

Æsop. Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast, than permits it prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, men the beautiful. The dominion of Pity has usually this extent, no wider.—*Æsop and Rhodopè, ii.*

290.

Aspasia. The largest heart, O Cleone, is that which only one can rest upon or impress ; the purest is that which dares to call itself impure ; the kindest is that which shrinks rather at its own inhumanity than at another's.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxvii.

291.

Æsop. Modesty in man, O Rhodopè, is perhaps the rarest and most difficult of virtues : but intolerable pain is the pursuer of its infringement. Then follow days without content, nights without sleep, throughout a stormy season : a season of impetuous deluge which no fertility succeeds.—*Æsop and Rhodopè*, i.

292.

Sir Thomas Lucy. Nothing is so sweet as humility. The mountains may descend, but the valleys cannot rise. Every man should know himself.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

293.

Dante. Modesty is the bridemaïd of Concord. She not only hangs her garland on the door of the nuptial chamber, but she bestrews with refreshing herbs the whole apartment every day of life.—*Dante and Gemma Donati.*

294.

Michel-Angelo. Occasionally we attribute to a want of benevolence what in reality is only a want of discernment. The bad sticks as closely as the good, and often more readily. If we would cover with gold a cornice or a statue, we require a preparation for it; smoke does its business in a moment.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

295.

Peterborough. Men can only be kept in concord by their vanity; which, weak as you may call it, is the strongest and most sensitive nerve in the human heart. If you will not let them be unjust, nay, if you will not be unjust toward the greater part of them, this greater part itself will scorn you. Nothing would raise such violent and such general discontent, as giving to every man his due.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

296.

Penn. Self-complacency is often mistaken for pride, and stands not far from it in certain places.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

297.

Penn. Fairness and consistency are not indeed always the same. Nothing is more consistent with

an honest character than to acknowledge a corrected inconsistency. — *William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

298.

Penn. *Vanity, which is called idle, is never in-operative : when it cannot by its position ramble far afield, it chokes the plant that nurtures it. Consciousness of superiority, kept at home and quiet, is the nurse of innocent meditations and of sound content. — *William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

Beauty

299.

Pericles. A beautiful mouth is always eloquent : its defects are taken for tropes and figures. — *Pericles and Aspasia*, ccii.

300.

Aspasia. The graver and uglier philosophers, however they differ on other points, agree in these ; that beauty does not reside in the body, but in the mind ; that philosophers are the only true heroes ; and that heroes alone are entitled to the privilege of being implicitly obeyed by the beautiful. Doubtless there may be very fine pearls in very uninviting shells ; but our philosophers never wade knee-deep into the beds, attracted rather to what is bright externally. — *Pericles and Aspasia*, lvi.

301.

Barrow. What strikes us in beauty is that which we did not expect to find from anything we had seen before: a new arrangement of excellent parts.—*Barrow and Newton.*

302.

Vittoria Colonna. The beautiful in itself is useful by awakening our finer sensibilities, which it must be our own fault if we do not often carry with us into action.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

303.

Marvel.—The sight of beauty, in her purity and beatitude, turns us from all unrighteousness and is death to sin.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

Manners

304.

Agnes. Manner is the fruit, blushes are the blossom: these must fall off before the fruit sets.—*Maid of Orleans and Agnes Sorel.*

305.

Metastasio. False delicacy is real indelicacy. . . . The plain vulgar are not the most vulgar.—*Alfieri and Metastasio.*

306.

Pericles. Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxvii.

307.

Pericles. Politeness is in itself a power, and takes away the weight and galling from every other we may exercise.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lviii.

308.

Epicurus. To be wise indeed and happy and self-possessed, we must often be alone: we must mix as little as we can with what is called society, and abstain rather more than seems desirable even from the better few.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa*.

Women

309.

Mahomet. God made the rose out of what was left of woman at the creation. The great difference is, we feel the rose's thorns when we gather it; and the other's, when we have had it some time.—*Mahomet and Sergius*.

310.

La Motte. Every woman has been several women if she has lived long.—*Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, Anjou, and Fénelon*.

311.

Cleone. Take care, then, Aspasia ! do not leave off entirely all dissimulation. It is as feminine a virtue, and as necessary to a woman, as religion. If you are without it, you will have a grace the less, and (what you could worse spare) a sigh the more.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, v.

312.

Vittoria. Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart ; in men it always is : therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo*.

313.

Boccaccio. In girls' minds you will find little dust, but what is carried there by gusts from without. They seldom want sweeping ; when they do, the broom should be taken from behind the house-door, and the master should be the sacristan.—*The Pentameron*, iii.

314.

Ascham. Teach thy husband to live unto God and unto thee ; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.—*Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey*.

315.

Rhodopè. I cannot help thinking that the smiles of men are pleasanter and sweeter than of women ; unless of the women who are rather old and decrepit, who seem to want help, and who perhaps think that we girls are now the very images of what *they* were formerly.—*Æsop and Rhodopè*, i.

316.

Aspasia. Honestly to confess the truth, the best of us are more capricious than sensitive, and more sensitive than grateful.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lix.

317.

Cleone. Alas ! if equity is supported by violence, little can be the wonder if power be preceded by misdeed. Such a reflection may be womanish ; but are not all peculiarly so which are quiet, compassionate, and consistent ? The manly mind, in its continual course of impediments and cataracts, receives and gives few true images ; our stagnant life in this respect has greatly the advantage.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxvii.

318.

Aspasia. Men may be negligent in their handwriting, for men may be in a hurry about the business of life ; but I never knew either a sensible woman or an estimable one whose writing was disorderly.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lii.

LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, ETC.

Love

319.

Beatrice. Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God.—*Dante and Beatrice.*

320.

Petrarca. Happy the man who carries love with him in his opening day ! he never loses its freshness in the meridian of life, nor its happier influence in the later hour. . . . Love, preceding passion, ensures, sanctifies, and I would say survives it, were it not rather an absorption and transfiguration into its own most perfect purity and holiness.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

321.

Boccaccio. The young man who resolves to conquer his love, is only half in earnest, or has already half conquered it.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

322.

Petrarca. O Giovanni ! the heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain, retains the pulse

of youth for ever. Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affection : the flower expands ; the colourless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes.
—*The Pentameron*, ii.

323.

Youth hath swifter wings than love.—*Francesca Petrarca*.

324.

Love is the purifier of the heart ; its depths are less turbid than its shallows.—*Francesca Petrarca*.

325.

King. No subject can support a long-continued conversation, excepting love.—*Carlo Alberto and Belgioioso*.

326.

Walker. Tender love is true wisdom ; the truest wisdom being perfect happiness.—*Walker, Hattaji, Gonda, and Dewah*.

327.

Cornelia. Surely, if love and sorrow are destined for companionship, there is no reason why the last comer of the two should supersede the first.—*Tasso and Cornelia*.

328.

Ascham. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most ; a primary in those who love least.—*Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey*.

329.

Landor. Now love, to be perfect, should consist of passion and sentiment, in parts as nearly equal as possible, with somewhat of the material to second them.—*Southey and Landor.*

330.

Porson. There is often most love where there is the least acquaintance with the object beloved.—*Southey and Porson.*

331.

Sidney. Imagination should always be the confidant, for she is always the calmer, of Passion, where Wisdom and Virtue have an equally free admittance.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

332.

Brooke. When a woman hath ceased to be quite the same to us, it matters little how different she becomes.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

333.

Kosciusko. Absence is not of matter: the body does not make it; absence quickens our love and elevates our affections; absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty.—*Kosciusko and Poniatowski.*

334.

Messala. From the mysteries of religion the veil is seldom to be drawn, from the mysteries of love never. For this offence, the gods take away from us our freshness of heart and our susceptibility of pure delight. The well loses the spring that fed it, and what is exposed in the shallow basin soon evaporates.—*Tibullus and Messala.*

335.

Aspasia. The happiest of pillows is not that which love first presses ; it is that which Death has frowned on and passed over.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

336.

Lord Brooke. Women have no favour or mercy for the silence their charms impose on us. Little are they aware of the devotion we are offering to them, in that state whereinto the true lover is ever prone to fall, and which appears to them inattention, indifference, or moroseness. We must chirp before them eternally, or they will not moisten our beaks in our cages.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

337.

Sidney. If we had nothing to pardon or to be pardoned, we might appear to be more perfect than

we are, but we should in fact be less so. Self-love is ungenerous and unforgiving; love grieves and forgives.
—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

338.

Panætius. Where Love finds the soul he neglects the body, and only turns to it in his idleness as to an afterthought. Its best allurements are but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.—*Scipio, Polybius, and Panætius.*

339.

Aspasia. Love cures all but love. How can we fear to die, how can we die, while we cling or are clung to the beloved?—*Pericles and Aspasia, ccxxxiii.*

340.

Aspasia. When we enter a place whence the beloved has been long absent, part of the presence seems to be left behind.—*Pericles and Aspasia, ccxxx.*

341.

Cleone. Surely, too surely, whoever has breathed has sighed. When we have lost, O Aspasia, those we love, whether by impassable distance or any other dispensation of the gods, youth is less happy than age, and age than death.

Aspasia. Youth, like the aloe, blossoms but once, and its flower springs from the midst of thorns: but

see with what strength and to what height the aloeflower rises over them : be not surpassed by it.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ccxviii, ccxix.

342.

Aspasia. If our thoughts are to be reduced to powder, I would rather it were for an ingredient for a love-potion, to soften with sympathies the human heart, than a charm for raising up spectres to contract and to coerce it. If dust is to be thrown into our eyes, let it be dust from under a bright enlivening sun, and not the effect of frost and wind.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxix.

343.

Anaxagoras. Is it not in philosophy as in love? the more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxiv.

344.

Aspasia. With most men, nothing seems to have happened so long ago as an affair of love.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, l.

345.

Cleone. Could Sappho be ignorant, how infantinely inarticulate is early love? Could she be ignorant that shame and fear seize it unrelentingly by the throat, while hard-hearted impudence stands at ease, prompt at opportunity, and profuse in declarations !

There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water : there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface : the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song.
—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xlvii.

346.

Cleone. O Aspasia ! it is hard to love and not to be loved again. I felt it early ; I still feel it. There is a barb beyond the reach of dittany ; but years, as they roll by us, benumb in some degree our sense of suffering. Season comes after season, and covers as it were with soil and herbage the flints that have cut us so cruelly in our course.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xlvii.

347.

Cleone. The very beautiful rarely love at all. Those precious images are placed above the reach of the passions. Time alone is permitted to efface them, Time, the father of the gods, and even *their* consumer.—*Pericles and Aspasia*.

348.

Aspasia. Where there is great regularity of features, I have often remarked a correspondent regularity in the affections and conduct.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xlviii.

Marriage, Children

349.

Mr. Talbot. Death itself to the reflecting mind is less serious than marriage. The older plant is cut down that the younger may have room to flourish : a few tears drop into the loosened soil, and buds and blossoms spring over it. Death is not even a blow ; is not even a pulsation ; it is a pause. But marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations. Health, Genius, Honour, are the words inscribed on some ; on others are Disease, Fatuity, and Infamy.—*High and Low Life in Italy.*

350.

Diogenes. There are many who marry from utter indigence of thought, captivated by the playfulness of youth, as if a kitten were never to be a cat.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

351.

Cicero. The pleasure a man receives from his children resembles that which, with more propriety than any other, we may attribute to the Divinity.—*Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.*

Friendship

352.

Milton. The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.—*Galileo, Milton, and a Dominican.*

353.

Marvel. *I might have served him!* is not always the soliloquy of late compassion or of virtuous repentance : it is frequently the cry of blind and impotent and wounded pride, angry at itself for having neglected a good bargain, a rich reversion. Believe me, my lord bishop, there are few whom God has promoted to serve the truly great. They are never to be superseded, nor are their names to be obliterated in earth or heaven. Were I to trust my observation rather than my feelings, I should believe that friendship is only a state of transition to enmity.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

354.

Peterborough. A friend is a creature now extinct : we read of its petrified bones in distant regions ; and those who would represent its figure in their persons resemble it only in its petrification.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

355.

Sidney. Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once ; it never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it

to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again ; precious ones never.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

356.

Pericles. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ccxxxv.

357.

Aspasia. But we believe that our affections outlive us, and that Love is not a stranger in Elysium. Humours, the idioms of life, are lost in the transition, or are generalised in the concourse and convergency of innumerable races : passions, the universal speech, are throughout intelligible.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ccxxv.

358.

Pericles. The man who is determined to keep others fast and firm, must have one end of the bond about his own breast, sleeping and waking.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lviii.

Reflections

359.

Marvel. There is a gravity which is not austere nor captious, which belongs not to melancholy, nor dwells in contraction of heart, but arises from tenderness and hangs upon reflection.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

360.

Aspasia. Anaxagoras rightly remarked that Love always makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxiii.

361.

Boccaccio. Our judgment grows the stronger by the dying down of our affections.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

POLITICS

Kings and Princes

362.

Boccaccio. Princes and geese are fond of standing on one leg, and fancy it (no doubt) a position of gracefulness and security, until the cramp seizes them on a sudden: then they find how helpless they are, and how much better it would have been if they had employed all the support at their disposal.—*The Pentameron*, iii.

363.

King. Kings must not place it in the power of the people to decide on their destiny.—*Carlo-Alberto and Belgioioso*.

364.

Thiers. Kings have worn down their high-heeled shoes by their incessant strut and swagger. . . .

Lamartine. Democracy is always the work of kings. Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilise the land they are cast on.—*M. Thiers and M. Lamartine*.

365.

English Visitor. The less contemptible princes love money for the sake of power; the more contemptible love power for the sake of money.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

366.

Landor. The only things in which kings now imitate God is in forming their first men out of the dust.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

367.

Saez. Legitimate kings have no surer coadjutors than the ministers of constitutional. These know by experience that the people is a football, that it is fed with air, and that the party which kicks it farthest is the winner.—*Don Victor Saez and El Rey Netto.*

368.

Banos. The most wretched nations make the most splendid kings, as the thinnest rags the most lustrous paper.—*Lopez Banos and Rimero Alpuente.*

369.

Catharine. The majesty of thrones is never in jeopardy by those who sit upon them. A sovereign

may cover one with blood more safely than a subject can pluck a feather out of the cushion.—*Empress Catharine and Princess Dashkof.*

370.

Guicciardini. Gratitude is not in the vocabulary of princes, and republics insist on every man's services, deeming him sufficiently paid for them by a place, however subordinate, in the government.—*Machiavelli and Guicciardini.*

371.

Marvel. Usurpers are the natural and imprescriptible successors of imbecile, unprincipled, and lawless kings. In general, they too are little better furnished with virtues, and even their wisdom seems to wear out under the ermine. Ambition makes them hazardous and rash: these qualities raise the acclamations of the vulgar, to whom meteors are always greater than stars, and the same qualities which raised them precipitate them into perdition. Sometimes obstreperous mirth, sometimes gipsy-like mysteriousness, sometimes the austerity of old republicanism, and sometimes the stilts of modern monarchy, come into play, until the crowd hisses the actor off the stage, pelted, broken-headed, and stumbling over his sword.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

372.

Peterborough. Only the first personage in the kingdom should be unenlightened and void, as only the first page in a book should be a blank one. It is when it is torn out that we come at once to the letters.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

373.

Franklin. Thrones are constructed on the petrification of the human heart. — *Washington and Franklin.*

374.

President. Sovereigns know more correctly the state of other countries than of their own. We may be too near great objects to discern them justly ; and the greatest of all objects to a prince is the internal state of his people.—*Peter Leopold and President Du Paty.*

375.

James. We kings, when we say to Parliament or other folk that we will think upon any thing, mean always that we will dismiss it from our thoughts.—*King James I. and Isaac Casaubon.*

376.

Aristoteles. Justly do we call barbarians the wretched nations that are governed by one man ; and among them the most deeply plunged in barbarism is the ruler.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

377.

Xenophon. Nothing is so restless as royalty ; not air, nor ocean, nor fire : nothing can content or hold it. Certainties are uninteresting and sating to it ; uncertainties are solicitous and sad. In its weakness it ruins many, in its strength more.—*Xenophon and Cyrus the Younger.*

378.

Anacreon. Ministers are envied, princes never ; because envy can exist there only where something (as people think) may be raised or destroyed.—*Anacreon and Polycrates.*

379.

Solon. One fortune hath ever befallen those whom the indignant gods have cursed with despotical power ; to feed upon falsehood, to loath and sicken at truth, to avoid the friendly, to suspect the honest, and to abominate the brave.—*Solon and Pisistratus.*

380.

Solon. King or tyrant. The latter is usually the most violent, at least in the beginning ; the former the most pernicious. Tyrants, like ravens and vultures, are solitary ; they either are swept off, or languish and pine away, and leave no brood in their places. Kings, as the origin of them is amid the

swamps and wildernesses, take deeper root, and germinate more broadly in the loose and putrescent soil, and propagate their likenesses for several generations; a brood which (such is the power of habitude) does not seem monstrous, even to those whose corn, wine, and oil it swallows up every day, and whose children it consumes in its freaks and festivals.
—*Solon and Pisistratus.*

381.

Gigi. There is nothing that your Beatitude cannot see and do: yet I now recollect what I heard the other day; which is, that you and the monarchs, your friends and allies, striving to throw back the world upon the remains of Chaos in the bosom of Vacuity, are like the little figures round Greek vases, which strain at one thing and stand in one place for ages, and have no more to do in the supporting or moving of the vases than the worms have.—*Pope Leo XII. and his Valet Gigi.*

382.

Demosthenes. Royalty is fed incessantly by the fuel of slavish desires, blown by fulsome breath and fanned by cringing follies. It melts mankind into one inert mass, carrying off and confounding all beneath it, like a torrent of Ætnean lava, bright amid the darkness, and dark again amid the light.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

Politicians

383.

Petrarca. It is only in politics that an actor appears greater by the magnitude of the theatre, and we readily and enthusiastically give way to the deception.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

384.

Petrarca. With a careful politician and diplomatist all things find their places but men: and yet he thinks he has niched it nicely, when, as the gardener is left in the garden, the tailor on his board at the casement, he leaves the author at his desk: to remove him would put the world in confusion.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

385.

Boccaccio. When studious and quiet men get into power, they fancy they cannot show too much activity, and very soon prove, by exerting it, that they can show too little discretion.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

386.

Princess. It is certain that every man in power thinks himself wiser than every man out of power; and the getting into it seems a sort of warranty for the surmise. Yet it may so happen that those who look over the chairs, and have no seat themselves, shall see somewhat more of the game and of its

chances than the gamesters can. Others may be cooler and more disinterested, who do not climb the ladder with the hod upon their heads, but stand at the bottom of the building, and look up and round.—*Carlo Alberto and Belgioioso.*

387.

Louis Philippe. Ministers under arbitrary monarchs may seldom stand quite upright, but they are subject to no influences which make them shuffle, as those under constitutional kings must do occasionally.—*Louis Philippe and M. Guizot.*

388.

Lacy. He who declares himself a party-man, let his party profess the most liberal sentiments, is a registered and enlisted slave; he begins by being a zealot, and ends by being a dupe; he is tormented by regret and anger, yet is he as incapable from shame and irresolution of throwing off the livery under which he sweats and fumes, as was that stronger one, more generously mad, the garment empoisoned with the life-blood of the Centaur.—*General Lacy and Cura Merino.*

389.

Capo d'Istria. The country of a statesman is the council-board of his prince. Let the pack bark in the kennel; the shepherd-dog sleeps upon the wallet of his master.—*Emperor Alexander and Capo d'Istria.*

390.

Marvel. The great abhor the greater, who can humble but cannot raise them. The king's servants hate God's as much (one would fancy) as if he fed them better, dressed them finelier, and gave them more plummy titles.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

391.

Johnson. When a gentleman takes it into his head to conciliate the rabble, I deny his discretion and I doubt his honesty.—*Samuel Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

392.

Pitt. When an insect dips into the surface of a stream, it forms a circle round it, which catches a quick radiance from the sun or moon, while the stiller water on every side flows without any ; in like manner, a small politician may attract the notice of the king or people, by putting into motion the pliant element about him ; while quieter men pass utterly away, leaving not even this weak impression, this momentary sparkle.—*Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning.*

393.

Pitt. To be out of breath is the only sign of weakness that is generally understood in a chancellor of

the exchequer. The bets, in that case, are instantly against him, and the sounder in wind carries off the king's plate.—*Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning.*

394.

Pitt. The minister who makes short speeches enjoys short power.—*Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning.*

395.

Pitt. For a successful minister, three things are requisite on occasion : to speak like an honest man, to act like a dishonest one, and to be indifferent which you are called.—*Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning.*

396.

Epicurus. Weariness is the repose of the politician, and apathy his wisdom.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

397.

Anaxagoras. Surely, of political glory this is the highest : to rear carefully a numerous family, educate it honestly, protect it bravely, and provide for it plenteously and independently.—*Pericles and Aspasia, clxxxiii.*

398.

Cleone. In a politician a verse is an ostracism.—*Pericles and Aspasia, xvii.*

399.

Pericles. Political men, like goats, usually thrive best among inequalities.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxiii.

400.

Pericles. Where a sense of dignity is faint and feeble, and where reason hath lain unexercised and inert, many nations have occasionally been happy and even flourishing under kings: but oligarchy hath ever been a curse to all, from its commencement to its close.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, Oration.

The People

401.

Anaxagoras. In most cities the majority is composed of the ignorant, the idle, and the profligate. In most cities, after a time, there are enough of bad citizens to subvert good laws. Immoral life in one leader of the people is more pernicious than a whole streetful of impurities in the lower quarters of the community, seeing that streams, foul or fair, cannot flow upward.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxcv.

402.

Southey. The opinion of a thousand millions who are ignorant or ill informed is not equal to the opinion of only one who is wiser.—*Southey and Porson*.

403.

Capo d'Istria. Gardeners are never bad subjects.—
Emperor Alexander and Capo d'Istria.

404.

Capo d'Istria. Soldiers can never stand idle long together: they must turn into citizens or into rebels.
—*Emperor Alexander and Capo d'Istria.*

Reflections

405.

Petrarca. Many nations find out by degrees that the next evil to being conquered is to conquer, and that he who assists in making slaves gives over at last by becoming one!—*The Pentameron*, iii.

406.

King. If you stand too near the focus of democracy, the flounces and feathers of nobility may be caught and shrivelled.—*Carlo Alberto and Belgioioso.*

407.

Nesselrode. Spells are made of words. The word *service* among the military has great latent negative power. All modern nations, even the free, employ it.
—*Nicholas and Nesselrode.*

408.

Nesselrode. New acquisitions are not soon consolidated ; nor heterogeneous substances, from their inequalities and asperities, firmly cemented.

Nicholas. No truisms, if you please.

Nesselrode. In a diversity of language and religion there is more repulsion than attraction.—*Nicholas and Nesselrode.*

409.

Guizot. The man in want will seize by the throat the man who has plenty. One wolf tears in pieces many sheep ; and the idler who wants a dinner will rush upon the idler who sleeps after it.—*Louis Philippe and M. Guizot.*

410.

Scampa. I call that a happy country whose law is as movable as Easter, and as manageable and pleasant as the Carnival.—*Cardinal Legate Albani and Picture-Dealers.*

411.

Alpuente. No voice is such an incentive to valour as the feeble voice of age ; neither flag nor trumpet marshals it like a man of eighty stabbed on his threshold.—*Lopez Banos and Romero Alpuente.*

412.

Saex. Cooks are the presidents of wars and treaties ; turtles are the seals, and services of plate the wax.—*Don Victor Saex and El Rey Netto.*

413.

Sandt. A man is always a minor in regard to his fatherland, and the servants of his fatherland are wrong and criminal if they whisper in his ear that he may go away, that he may work in another country, that he may ask to be fed in it, and that he may wait there until orders and tasks are given for his hands to execute.—*Sandt and Kotzebue.*

414.

King. Lies are good only for good government, and are sacred things. We coin, but punish coiners.—*King of Ava and Rao-Gong-Fao.*

415.

Ferdinand. Good State papers can no more be smooth and even, and seen in all points at once, than good fortifications can.—*Don Ferdinand and Don John-Mary-Luis.*

416.

Saex. Liberal principles are not so much amiss when two gentlemen have but a pair of breeches between them ; but every one who has a pair to himself, and common-sense, is ashamed of acknowledging that

they were ever his.—*Don Victor Saez and El Rey Netto.*

417.

Banos. A peerage I consider as the park-paling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures both tame and wild for diversion and luxury. Such instruments are to kings what poles are to rope-dancers, enabling them to play their tricks above the heads of the people with greater confidence and security.

Alpuente. Nothing should stand between the nation and chief magistrate; the laws alone should be checks: a free people can acknowledge no other. In these religion is included, which indeed is the great law-head whence they emanate. It is written in the heart of every man; but it is often so badly spelled as to become a matter of contest by the notaries who traffic in transcribing it.—*Lopez Banos and Romero Alpuente.*

418.

Banos. The great favourers of republicanism are kings themselves; who now demonstrate to the world that no trust or confidence is to be reposed in them, and who have at all times shown a disposition to push their prerogative deep into the constitution of their States; not to mention, as aiding in the furtherance of the cause, the frugality and fairness of governments which are without those hard excrescences called kings.—*Lopez Banos and Romero Alpuente.*

419.

Colocotroni. The ancients, who excelled us in most things of importance, excelled us principally in the variety of expedients for attack and defence. Every great general was a great inventor. Within the memory of man, I believe, not a stratagem has been thought of by any in Europe, be it old or new, original or borrowed. Campaigns are formed as much by a receipt as custards, and sieges as cheesecakes.—*Maurocordato and Colocotroni.*

420.

Lacy. That government is the best which the people obey the most willingly and the most wisely : that state of society in which the greatest number may live and educate their families becomingly, by unstrained bodily and unrestricted intellectual exertion ; where superiority in office springs from worth, and where the chief magistrate hath no higher interest in perspective than the ascendancy of the laws.—*General Lacy and Cura Merino.*

421.

Lacy. On Deity we reason by attributes ; on government, by metaphors. Wool or sand, embodied, may deaden the violence of what is discharged against the walls of a city : hereditary aristocracy hath no such virtue against the assaults of despotism, which on the

contrary it will maintain in opposition to the people. . . . Despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the effigy and ensigns of Freedom.—*General Lacy and Cura Merino.*

422.

Guicciardini. Freedom of traffic is advantageous to all. When the seas are open, man's eyes will open.—*Machiavelli and Guicciardini.*

423.

Galileo. In argument, truth always prevails finally ; in politics, falsehood always ; else would never States fall into decay.—*Galileo, Milton, and a Dominican.*

424.

Marvel. Municipalities—in other words, small republics—are a nation's main-stay against aristocratic and regal encroachments.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

425.

Machiavelli. Why should not all be as free and happy as the few ? They will be, when learning has made way for wisdom : when those for whom others have thought begin to think for themselves.—*Machiavelli and Michel-Angelo.*

426.

Machiavelli. The confederacies and alliances of republics are always conducive to freedom, and never are hurtful to independence; those of princes are usually injurious to the liberty of the subject, and often the origin of wars.—*Machiavelli and Michel-Angelo.*

427.

Machiavelli. A small community has need for even more to protect its interests than a larger. He who has a strong body has less occasion for a loud voice, and fewer occasions to cry for assistance.—*Machiavelli and Michel-Angelo.*

428.

Machiavelli. Those governments alone can be stable, or are worthy of being so, in which property and intellect keep the machine in right order and regular operation: each being conscious that it is the natural ally and reciprocal protector of the other; that nothing ought to be above them; and that what is below them ought to be as little below as possible; otherwise it never can consistently, steadily, and effectually support them.—*Machiavelli and Michel-Angelo.*

429.

Talleyrand. Diplomacy, when she yields to such simple arguments as plain reason urges against her,

loses her office, her efficacy, and her name.—*Louis XVIII. and Talleyrand.*

430.

Peterborough. The world will turn round still. Industry is produced by Want, Wealth is produced by Industry, Idleness is produced by Wealth, Poverty is produced by idleness.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

431.

Peterborough. Nations, like individuals, interest us in their birth and early growth: every motion, however irregular, seems to us natural, graceful, an indication of vigour or intelligence. For some time afterward the sallies of frowardness and of passion are not only forgiven in them, but applauded and admired. Soon, however, what we fancied a pleasing peculiarity becomes an awkwardness and uncouthness; what was spirit is petulance; and we confess we are disappointed in our hopes and calculations. In fact, the hopes were foolish, and the calculations were traced by a clumsy finger on a moving sand.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

432.

Penn. The ornament of a country is the sight of creatures enjoying their existence.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

433.

Franklin. Poetry, closing her eyes, has sung until people slept over it, that liberty is never more perfect or more safe than under a mild monarch: history teaches us the contrary. . . . It has been said that in a democracy there are many despots, and that in a kingdom there can be one only.—*Washington and Franklin.*

434.

Poniatowski. The laws should rule; for courts we have always in readiness a cushion, a king, and a crier: can any wicked wretch want more?—*Kosciusko and Poniatowski.*

435.

President. Theories and speculations always subvert religious, never political, establishments. Uneasiness makes men shift their postures. National debts produce the same effects as private ones,—immorality and a desire of change; the former universally, the latter almost.—*Peter Leopold and President du Paty.*

436.

President. The sea-tortoise can live without its brain,—an old discovery! Men can govern without theirs,—an older still!—*Peter Leopold and President du Paty.*

437.

President. I am afraid that, in the practice of jurisprudence, circumspection more than rarely means dilatoriness. Delay of justice is injustice. When offences are defined and punishments are apportioned, no circumspection is necessary.—*Peter Leopold and President du Paty.*

438.

President. Never let experiments be made on life or law. Let Experience sit on one side of the law-giver, Justice on the other, with Humanity for assessor.—*Peter Leopold and President du Paty.*

439.

Savage. The condition of a people which hath made many conquests doth ultimately become worse than that of the conquered. For, the conquered have no longer to endure the sufferings of weakness or the struggles of strength; and some advantages are usually holden forth to keep them peaceable and contented: but under a conquering prince the people are shadows, which lessen and lessen as he mounts in glory, until at last they become, if I may reasonably say it and un-reprovedly, a thing of nothing, a shapeless form.—*Henry IV. and Sir Arnold Savage.*

440.

Abbot. Alas, my liege, society is froth above and dregs below, and we have hard work to keep the middle of it sweet and sound, to communicate right reason and to preserve right feelings. In voyages you may see too much and learn too little. The winds and waves throw about you their mutability and their turbulence. When we lose sight of home, we lose something else than that which school-boys weep for.—*Richard I. and the Abbot of Boxley.*

441.

Marcus. I now perceive that the laws of society in one thing resemble the laws of perspective; they require that what is below should rise gradually, and that what is above should descend in the same proportion, but not that they should touch.—*Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero.*

442.

Aristoteles. Wars drive up riches in heaps, as winds drive up snows, making and concealing many abysses.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

443.

Phocion. He who would strike out a novelty in architecture commits a folly in safety; his house and

he may stand ; he who attempts it in politics carries a torch, from which at the first narrow passage we may expect a conflagration. Experience is our only teacher both in war and peace.—*Æschines and Phocion.*

444.

Diogenes. In courts, religious ceremonies cover with their embroidery moral obligations ; and the most dishonest, and the most libidinous, and the most sanguinary kings (to say nothing of private men) have usually been the most punctual worshippers.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

445.

Diogenes. Experimentalists may be the best philosophers ; they are always the worst politicians. Teach people their duties, and they will know their interests. Change as little as possible and correct as much.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

446.

Panætius. Wherever there are despotical governments, Poverty and Industry dwell together ; Shame dogs them in the public walks ; Humility is among their household gods.—*Scipio, Polybius, Panætius.*

447.

Psyllos. As the fountains of the most celebrated rivers are neither easily discoverable nor large, so it often happens that things of the greatest moment, in the political and moral world, are derived from an

obscure, from a remote, and from a slender origin.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxxi.

448.

Anaxagoras. It is only a free city that is strong; for it is only in a free city that the mass of the people can be armed.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxviii.

449.

Anaxagoras. But it is in the regions of the earth as in the regions of the air; the warm and genial are absorbed by the cold and void, and tempests and storms ensue. The happiness of thousands is the happiness of too many, in the close calculation of some inexpert contriver; and he spoils the honey by smoking the hive. No sooner is a nation at ease, than he who should be the first to participate in the blessing, is the most uneasy; and, when at last he has found a place to his mind, before he lies down he scratches a hole in it, as the dogs do.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxv.

450.

Aspasia. Is there any station so happy as an uncontested place in a small community, where manners are simple, where wants are few, where respect is the tribute of probity, and love is the guerdon of beneficence?—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxiii.

451.

Aspasia. Peace is at all times a blessing ; and war, even the most prosperous, a curse. In war extremely few of men's desires are gratified, and those the most hateful ; in peace many, and those the kindest. . . . As some bodily diseases, if they can only be deferred for a certain time, terminate altogether, so might the worst of social diseases, war. . . . We women, who are liable to the worst outrages, and are framed by nature to the greatest susceptibility of fears, usually love war the most, until it enters our houses. We are delighted at the sound and at the spectacle from afar ; and no music is more pleasing to our ears than that which is the prelude to the cries of agony and death.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxii.

452.

General Gemeau. The sword best calms animosities, best obviates collisions.—*Cardinal Antonelli and General Gemeau*.

453.

Pericles. Brief danger is the price of long security. The countryman, from the mists of the morning, not only foretells the brightness of the day, but discerns in them sources of fertility ; and he remembers in his supplications to the immortal gods to thank them alike for both blessings.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clviii.

454.

Pericles. It is too true that, to be martial, a nation must taste of blood in its cradle.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxxvii.

455.

Pericles. All nations are fond of pushing the date of their civilisation as high up as possible, and care not how remotely they place the benefits they have received.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxxvii.

F A M E

Reputation, &c.

456.

Cleone. The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish.
—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lv.

457.

Aspasia. No studied eulogy does honour to any one. It is always considered, and always ought to be, as a piece of pleading, in which the pleader says everything the most in favour of his client, in the most graceful and impressive manner he can. . . . If you toss up the scale too high, it descends again rapidly below its equipoise ; what it contains drops out, and people catch at it, scatter it, and lose it.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xxxvii.

458.

Boccaccio. The generous man, such as you, praises and censures with equal freedom, not with equal

pleasure : the freedom and the pleasure of the ungenerous are both contracted, and lie only on the left hand.—*The Pentameron*, i.

459.

Colocotroni. The wisest men and most useful things want recommendation, and the tongue of the fool is often requisite to the inventions of the wise.—*Maurocordato and Colocotroni*.

460.

Pericles. We are little by being seen among men ; because that phasis of us only is visible which is exposed toward them and which most resembles them : we become greater by leaving the world, as the sun appears to be on descending below the horizon. Strange reflection ! humiliating truth ! that nothing on earth, no endowment, can do so much for us as a distant day.—*Pericles and Sophocles*.

461.

Epicurus. Two evils, of almost equal weight, may befall the man of erudition ; never to be listened to, and to be listened to always.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa*.

462.

Epicurus. When a writer is praised above his merits in his own times, he is certain of being estimated be-

low them in the times succeeding. Paradox is dear to most people ; it bears the appearance of originality, but is usually the talent of the superficial, the perverse, and the obstinate.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

463.

Barrow. Sad and sorrowful is it to stand near enough to people for them to see us wholly ; for them to come up to us and walk round us leisurely and idly, and pat us when they are tired and going off. That lesson which a dunce can learn at a glance, and likes mightily, must contain little, and not good.—*Barrow and Newton.*

464.

Barrow. No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries.—*Barrow and Newton.*

465.

Michel-Angelo. He who deserves a mausoleum is not desirous even of a gravestone. He knows his mother earth ; he frets for no fine cradle, but lies tranquilly and composed at her feet. The pen will rise above the pyramid ; but those who would build the pyramid would depress the pen.—*Machiavelli and Michel-Angelo.*

466.

Marvel. Usually men, in distributing fame, do as old maids and old misers do : they give everything to those who want nothing. In literature, often a man's solitude, and oftener his magnitude, disinclines us from helping him if we find him down. We are fonder of warming our hands at a fire already in a blaze than of blowing one.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

467.

La Fontaine. When a cat flatters with his tongue, he is not insincere : you may safely take it for a real kindness.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

468.

Hare. Praise is not fame ; but the praise of the intelligent is its precursor.—*Hare and Landor.*

469.

Elizabeth. The parent gives us few days and sorrowful ; the poet, many and glorious : the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults ; the other best remunerates our virtues.—*Queen Elizabeth and Cecil.*

470.

Vittoria. The most successful generals, and the most powerful kings, will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less

dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

Michel-Angelo. By the wise indeed ; but little men, like little birds, are attracted and caught by false lights.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

471.

Vittoria. It was beautifully and piously said in days of old, that, wherever a spring rises from the earth, an altar should be erected. Ought not we, my friend, to bear the same veneration to the genius which springs from obscurity in the loneliness of lofty places, and which descends to irrigate the pastures of the mind with a perennial freshness and vivifying force? If great poets build their own temples, as, indeed they do, let us at least offer up to them our praises and thanksgivings, and hope to render them acceptable by the purest incense of the heart.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

472.

Leontion. The voice comes deepest from the sepulchre, and a great name hath its root in the dead body.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

473.

Diogenes. The sun colours the sky most deeply and most diffusely when he hath sunk below the

horizon ; and they who never said, " How beneficently he shines ! " say at last, " How brightly he set ! "—*Diogenes and Plato.*

474.

English Visitor. We are pained at hearing ill of the living, and of hearing good of the dead : of the recently dead at least.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

475.

Anaxagoras. Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of Envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity. Every one that passes is ready to give them a shake and a rip ; for there are few either so busy or so idle as not to lend a hand at undoing. . . . Study, philosophise, write poetry. These things I know are difficult when there is a noise in the brain ; but begin, and the noise ceases. The mind, slow in its ascent at first, accelerates every moment, and is soon above the hearing of frogs and the sight of brambles.—*Pericles and Aspasia, clxxxvi.*

476.

Anaxagoras. There are no indeciduous plants, *Aspasia* ! the greater part lose their leaves in winter, the rest in summer. It is thus with men. The generality yield and are stripped under the first chilly

blasts that shake them. They who have weathered these, drop leaf after leaf in the sunshine. The virtues by which they arose to popularity, take another garb, another aspect, another form, and totally disappear.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxix.

477.

Boccaccio. Authors in general who have met celebrity at starting, have already had their reward; always their utmost due, and often much beyond it. We cannot hope for both celebrity and fame: supremely fortunate are the few who are allowed the liberty of choice between them. We two prefer the strength that springs from exercise and toil, acquiring it gradually and slowly: we leave to others the earlier blessing of that sleep which follows enjoyment. How many at first sight are enthusiastic in their favour! Of these how large a portion come away empty-handed and discontented! like idlers who visit the sea-coast, fill their pockets with pebbles bright from the passing wave, and carry them off with rapture. After a short examination at home, every streak seems faint and dull, and the whole contexture coarse, uneven, and gritty: first one is thrown away, then another; and before the week's end the store is gone, of things so shining and wonderful.—*The Penlameron*, v.

478.

Boccaccio. Rarely are we envied, until we are so prosperous that envy is rather a familiar in our train than an enemy who waylays us. If we saw nothing of such followers and outriders, and no scabbard with our initials upon it, we might begin to doubt our station.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

479.

Sandt. The thick air of multitudes may be good for some constitutions of mind, as the thinner of solitudes is for others. Some horses will not run without the clapping of hands; others fly out of the course rather than hear it.—*Sandt and Kotzebue*.

480.

Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some baseness before there is any elevation. After all, no man can be made greater by another, although he may be made more conspicuous by title, dress, position, and acclamation. The powerful can only be ushers to the truly great; and in the execution of this office, they themselves approach to greatness.—*Francesca Petrarcha*.

481.

Petrarca. Middling men, favoured in their lifetime by circumstances, often appear of higher stature than belongs to them ; great men, always of lower. Time, the sovran, invests with befitting raiment and distinguishes with proper ensigns the familiars he has received into his eternal habitations : in these alone are they deposited.—*The Pentameron*, i.

482.

Marcus. The features of Fortune are so like those of Genius as to be mistaken by almost all the world.—*Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero*.

483.

Landor. To condemn what is evil and to commend what is good is consistent. To soften an asperity, to speak all the good we can after worse than we wish, is *that* and more.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor*.

484.

Elizabeth. Those are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and propensely stab or suffocate their fame, when God hath commanded them to stand on high for an example. We call him parricide who destroys the author of his existence : tell me, what

shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey its most faithful propagator and most firm support?—*Queen Elizabeth and Cecil.*

Ambition

485.

Pericles. We may be introduced to Power by Humanity, and at first may love her less for her own sake than for Humanity's, but by degrees we become so accustomed to her as to be quite uneasy without her. Religion and Power, like the Cariatides in sculpture, never face one another; they sometimes look the same way, but often stand back to back.—*Pericles and Aspasia, lxii.*

486.

Washington. Love of power resides in the breast of every man, and is well regulated and discreet in few.—*Washington and Franklin.*

487.

La Roche-Jaquelin. The wisest and the happiest lead studious and almost solitary lives.

Beranger. This is the reflection of the ambitious, when Ambition has jilted them. There are extremely few so wise as to know where are the haunts of Happiness. Never have I been acquainted with any

man who would not prefer the tumult of high office to the tranquillity of domestic peace.—*Beranger and La Roche-Jaquelin.*

488.

Pericles. Now the desire of great influence over others is praiseworthy only where great good to the community may arise from it. To domineer in the arbitrary sway of a dogmatical and grasping, yet loose and empty-handed philosophy, which never bears upon inventions and uses, nor elevates nor tranquillises the mind, and to look upon ourselves with a sweet complacency from so pretty an eminence, is worse than boyish ambition. To call idlers and stragglers to us, and to sit among them and regale on their wonder, is the selfishness of an indigent and ill-appointed mind.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, ccxxiv.

489.

Cleone. It is better to be austere than ambitious : better to live out of society than to court the worst. How many of the powerful, even within the confines of their own household, will be remembered less affectionately and lastingly than tame sparrows and talking daws ! and, among the number of those who are destined to be known hereafter, of how many will the memory be laden with contempt or with execration ? To the wealthy, proud, and arrogant, the gods have allotted no longer an existence than

to the utensils in their kitchens or the vermin in their sewers : while, to those whom such perishables would depress and vilify, the same eternal beings have decreed and ratified their own calm consciousness of plastic power, of immovable superiority, with a portion (immeasurably great) of their wisdom, their authority, and their duration.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxviii.

490.

La Fontaine. When I think, as you make me do, how ambitious men are, even those whose teeth are too loose (one would fancy) for a bite at so hard an apple as the devil of ambition offers them, I am inclined to believe that we are actuated not so much by selfishness as you represent it, but under another form, the love of power. Not to speak of territorial dominion or political office, and such other things as we usually class under its appurtenances, do we not desire an exclusive control over what is beautiful and lovely? the possession of pleasant fields, of well-situated houses, of cabinets, of images, of pictures, and indeed of many things pleasant to see but useless to possess; even of rocks, of streams, and of fountains? These things, you will tell me, have their utility. True, but not to the wisher, nor does the idea of it enter his mind. Do not we wish that the object of our love should be devoted to us only; and that our children should love us better than their

brothers and sisters, or even than the mother who bore them? Love would be arrayed in the purple robe of sovereignty, mildly as he may resolve to exercise his power.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

491.

Marvel. Those who are the most ambitious of power are often the least ambitious of glory.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

492.

Lucullus. Think, Caius Julius (for you have been instructed to think both as a poet and as a philosopher), that among the hundred hands of Ambition, to whom we may attribute them more properly than to Briareus, there is not one which holds any thing firmly.—*Lucullus and Cæsar.*

Great Men

493.

Brooke. Ambition is but Avarice on stilts and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind: none of them surely for our admiration.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

494.

Petrarca. The chief desire in every man of genius is to be thought one ; and no fear or apprehension lessens it.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

495.

Boccaccio. There is, and ever will be, in all countries and under all governments, an ostracism for their greatest men.—*Boccaccio and Petrarca.*

496.

Pericles. We know that good writers are often gratified by the commendation of bad ones ; and that even when the learned and intelligent have brought the materials to crown their merits, they have looked toward the door at some petulant smirking page, for the thread that was to bind the chaplet.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxi.

497.

Cleone. There are many men of influence and authority, apt enough to take kindly a somewhat sharp bite from a dog or monkey, and be indignant at the slightest touch on the shoulder from a fellow-creature.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxviii.

498.

Eubulides. It appears to be among the laws of Nature that the mighty of intellect should be pursued

and carped at by the little, as the solitary flight of one great bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

499.

Parker. We are all of us dust and ashes.

Marvel. True, my lord ; but in some we recognise the dust of gold and the ashes of the phoenix ; in others, the dust of the gateway and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true, we read of them in history ; but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyænas. With great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

500.

Porson. Those who have ascended to the summit of the mountain sit quietly and familiarly side by side ; it is only those who are climbing with briars about their legs, that kick and scramble.—*Southey and Porson.*

501.

Pericles. It is pleasanter to think of our glory than of the means by which we acquired it. When we see the horses that have won at the Olympian games,

do we ask what oats they have eaten to give them such velocity and strength? Do those who swim admirably, ever trouble their minds about the bladders they swam upon in learning, or inquire what beasts supplied them? When the winds are filling our sails, do we lower them and delay our voyage, in order to philosophise on the particles of air composing them, or to speculate what region produced them, or what becomes of them afterward?—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxx.

502.

Diogenes. The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious both as weak and fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him.—*Diogenes and Plato*.

503.

Cicero. In literature great men suffer more from their little friends than from their potent enemies.—*Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero*.

504.

Pritchard. Historians and orators of the first order have founded their fame on what, at the beginning, raised only a little dust round the market-place.—*Queen Pomare, Pritchard, &c.*

505.

Southey. Great men will always pay deference to greater : little men will not ; because the little are fractious, and the weaker they are, the more obstinate and crooked.—*Southey and Porson.*

True and False Greatness

506.

Eubulides. Greatness, as we daily see it, is unso-
ciable.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

507.

Washington. Those actions are great, which require great calculation, and succeed in consequence of its correctness ; those alone, or nearly alone, are called so, which succeed without any.—*Washington and Franklin.*

508.

Aspasia. A great man knows the value of greatness ; he dares not hazard it, he will not squander it.—*Pericles and Aspasia, xiii.*

509.

Lord Peterborough. It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind : it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between computed and uncomputed rank.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

Reflections

510.

Cleone. Nothing is difficult, not even an epitaph, if we prefer the thoughts that come without calling, and receive the first as the best and truest.—*Pericles and Aspasia, c.*

511.

Aspasia. I do not love dances upon stilts ; they may excite the applauses and acclamations of the vulgar, but we, Cleone, exact the observance of established rules, and never put on slippers, however richly embroidered, unless they pair.—*Pericles and Aspasia, xl.*

512.

Aspasia. Generally we are little apt to exaggerate merit. In our maladies of the mind the cold fit usually is longer and more intense than the hot, and our dreams are rarely of water in the desert. We must have been among the departed before we experience this sensa-

tion. In our road through life, we may happen to meet with a man casting a stone reverentially to enlarge the cairn of another, which stone he had carried in his bosom to sling against that very other's head.
—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xcv.

513.

Landor. If men were to be represented as they show themselves, encrusted with all the dirtiness they contract in public life, in all the debility of ignorance, in all the distortion of prejudice, in all the reptile trickery of partisanship, who would care about the greater part of what are called the greatest? Principles and ideas are my objects : they must be reflected from high and low ; but they must also be exhibited where people can see them best, and are most inclined to look at them.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

514.

Landor.—No good writer was ever long neglected ; no great man overlooked by men equally great.—*The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.*

515.

Barrow. There are eyes that cannot see print when near them ; there are men that cannot see merit.—*Barrow and Newton.*

516.

Boccaccio. A wrong step in politics sprains a foot in poetry ; eloquence is never so welcome as when it issues from a familiar voice ; and praise hath no echo but from a certain distance.—*The Pantaméron*, i.

517.

Aspasia. Whether we regard the moral or the material world, there is a silent serenity in the highest elevation.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxxv.

518.

Boccaccio. Vulgar men are more anxious for title and decoration than for power ; and notice, in their estimate, is preferable to regard.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

519.

Porson. There are certain men who are driven by necessity to exhibit some sore absurdity : it is their only chance of obtaining a night's lodging in the memory.—*Southey and Porson*.

520.

Archdeacon Hare. No one ever falls among a crowd of literary men without repenting of it sooner or later. You may encounter a single hound outside the ken-

nel; but there is danger if you enter in among them, even with a kind intention and a bland countenance.—*Hare and Landor.*

521.

Barrow. It is dangerous to have any intercourse or dealing with small authors. They are as troublesome to handle, as easy to discompose, as difficult to pacify, and leave as unpleasant marks on you, as small children.—*Barrow and Newton.*

522.

Guicciardini. All desires out of the domestic circle lead to disappointment; most of them, to grief.—*Machiavelli and Guicciardini.*

523.

Ascham. Ah, Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.—*Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey.*

524.

Callisthenes. Dyers and tailors, carvers and gilders, grooms and trumpeters, make greater men than God makes; but God's last longer, throw them where you will.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

525.

Barrow. At every step we take to gain the approbation of the wise, we lose something in the estimation of the vulgar.—*Barrow and Newton.*

526.

Pericles. In our republic it is no easy thing to obtain an act of divorce from power. It usually is delivered to us by the messenger of Death, or presented in due form by our judges where the oyster keeps open house. Now, oysters are quite out of season in the summer of life ; and life, just about this time, I do assure you, is often worth keeping. I thought so even before I knew you, when I thought but little about the matter. It is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what Fortune, or Industry, or Virtue, has placed within it.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cvi.

527.

Cleone. In contentions for power, the philosophy and the poetry of life are dropped and trodden down. Domestic affections can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics, than flowers can find nourishment in the pavement of the streets. In the politician the whole creature is factitious ; if ever he speaks as before, he speaks either from memory or invention.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xiv.

528.

Cleone. Love of supremacy, miscalled political glory, finds most, and leaves all, dishonest.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xii.

529.

Aristoteles. Observation has taught me that we do not hate those who are worse than ourselves because they are worse, but because we are liable to injury from them, and because (as almost always is the case) they are preferred to us; while those who are better we hate purely for being so. After their decease, if we remit our hatred, it is because they are more like virtue in the abstract than virtuous men, and are fairly out of our way.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes*.

530.

Anaxagoras. We might imagine that advice, like manure, is only good and applicable when it has lain a long while by. He reasons ill who reasons with a bad reasoner . . . he walks on chaff, and tires himself without progress and without impression. I never expostulate with the self-sufficient; but on this occasion I desired a friend of theirs to inquire of them whether they thought a conflagration in Clazomenai would only warm their baths and cook their dinners. Had I been willing to abuse my faculties, it would have been an easy matter for me to have swept them

from their places, and to have assumed the highest ; for the rapacious has no hold upon the people, and vulgar manners in the candidate for office are no recommendation even to vulgar men.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxcv.

531.

Doctor Glaston. The very high cannot rise much higher ; the very low may ; the truly great must have done it.—*Citation of Will Shakespeare.*

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE

Style

532.

Demosthenes. Whatever is rightly said, sounds rightly.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

533.

Porson. Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are : the turbid look most profound.—*Southey and Porson.*

534.

Demosthenes. I have been careful to retain as much idiom as I could, often at the peril of being called ordinary and vulgar. Nations in a state of decay lose their idiom, which loss is always precursory to that of freedom. What your father and your grandfather used as an elegance in conversation, is now abandoned to the populace, and every day we miss a little of our own, and collect a little from strangers : this prepares us for a more intimate union

with them, in which we merge at last altogether. Every good writer has much idiom ; it is the life and spirit of language ; and none such ever entertained a fear or apprehension that strength and sublimity were to be lowered and weakened by it.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

535.

Boccaccio. Escape from rhetoric by all manner of means ; and if you must cleave (as indeed you must) to that old shrew, Logic, be no fonder of exhibiting her than you would be of a plain, economical wife. Let her be always busy, never intrusive ; and readier to keep the chambers clean and orderly than to expatiate on their proportions or to display their furniture.—*The Pentameron, i.*

536.

Lucian. Before I let fall a quotation I must be taken by surprise. I seldom do it in conversation, seldomer in composition ; for it mars the beauty and unity of style, especially when it invades it from a foreign tongue. A quoter is either ostentatious of his acquirements or doubtful of his cause ; and, moreover, he never walks gracefully who leans upon the shoulder of another, however gracefully that other may walk.—*Lucian and Timotheus.*

537.

Epicurus. Natural sequences and right subordination of thoughts, and that just proportion of numbers in the sentences which follows a strong conception, are the constituents of true harmony.—*Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.*

538.

Petrarca. Nobody ever quite forgave, unless in the low and ignorant, a wrong pronunciation of his name; the humblest being of opinion that they have one of their own, and one both worth having and worth knowing.—*The Pentameron.*

539.

Pericles. We are not obliged to continue on the training-ground; nor on the other hand is it expedient to obstruct it or plough it up. The hunter, in quest of one species of game, often finds another, and always finds what is better, freshness and earnestness and animation. Were I occupied in literature, I should little fear stumbling in my ascent toward its untrodden and abstruser scenery: being a politician, I know that a single false step is a fall, and a fall is ruin. We may begin wrong, and continue so with impunity; but we must not deviate from wrong to right.—*Pericles and Aspasia, cxxxviii.*

540.

Cleone. Whatever had a beginning must also have an end ; and in this predicament are languages. Like the fowls of the air, they are driven from the plains and take refuge in the mountains, until at last they disappear, leaving some few traces, some sounds imperfectly caught up.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxviii.

541.

Aspasia. What is graceful must be easy ; but many things are very easy which are not very graceful.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xcv.

542.

Aspasia. There are writings which must lie long upon the straw before they mellow to the taste ; and there are summer fruits which cannot abide the keeping.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xc.

543.

Petrarca. There are rich and copious veins of mineral in regions far remote from commerce and habitations : these veins are useless : so are those writings of which the style is uninviting and inaccessible through its ruggedness, its chasms, its points, its perplexities, its obscurity. There are scarcely three authors, beside yourself, who appear to heed whether any guest will enter the gate, quite satisfied with the consciousness that they have stores within. Such

wealth, in another generation, may be curious, but cannot be current. When a language grows up all into stalk, and its flowers begin to lose somewhat of their character, we must go forth into the open fields, through the dingles, and among the mountains, for fresh seed.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

544.

Landor. It is intolerable to keep reading over perpetual sharpnesses as it is to keep walking over them.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor*.

545.

Archdeacon Hare. A belt is good for the breath, and without it we fail in the long run. And yet a man will always be more looked at whose dress flutters in the air than he whose dress sits tight upon him; but he will soon be left on the roadside. Wherever there is a word beyond what is requisite to express the meaning, that word must be peculiarly beautiful in itself or strikingly harmonious; either of which qualities may be of some service in fixing the attention and enforcing the sentiment. But the proper word in the proper place seldom leaves any thing to be desiderated on the score of harmony. The beauty of health and strength is more attractive and impressive than any beauty conferred by ornament.—*Hare and Landor*.

546.

Walter Landor. But prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry : on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose ; and neither fan nor burned feather can bring her to herself again.—*Hare and Landor.*

547.

La Fontaine. The more we simplify things, the better we descry their substances and qualities. A good writer will not coil them up and press them into the narrowest possible space, nor macerate them into such particles that nothing shall be remaining of their natural contexture.—*La Fontaine and La Rochefoucault.*

548.

Marvel. Good prose, to say nothing of the original thoughts it conveys, may be infinitely varied in modulation. It is only an extension of metres, an amplification of harmonies, of which even the best and most varied poetry admits but few.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

549.

Southey. The remainder is vigorous, direct, and enthusiastic ; after invention, the greatest qualities of all great poetry.—*Southey and Landor.*

550.

Barrow. Never try to say things admirably; try only to say them plainly; for your business is with the considerate philosopher, and not with the polemical assembly. If a thing can be demonstrated two ways, demonstrate it in both: one will please this man best, the other that; and pleasure, if obvious and unsought, is never to be neglected by those appointed from above to lead us into knowledge. Many will readily mount stiles and gates to walk along a footpath in a field, whom the very sight of a bare public road would disincline and weary; and yet the place whereto they travel lies at the end of each. . . . The fond of wine are little fond of the sweet or of the new: the fond of learning are no fonder of its must than of its dregs. Something of the severe hath always been appertaining to order and to grace; and the beauty that is not too liberal is sought the most ardently and loved the longest. The Graces have their zones, and Venus her cestus. In the writings of the philosopher are the frivolities of ornament the most ill-placed; in you would they be particularly, who, promising to lay open before us an infinity of worlds, should turn aside to display the petals of a double pink.—*Barrow and Newton.*

551.

Barrow. We want some words in composition as we want some side-dishes at table, less for necessity than for decoration.—*Barrow and Newton.*

552.

Tooke. No expression can become a vulgarism which has not a broad foundation. The language of the vulgar hath its source in physics,—in known, comprehended, and operative things; the language of those who are just above the vulgar is less pure, as flowing from what they do not in general comprehend.—*Samuel Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

553.

Johnson. There is a fastidiousness in the use of language that indicates an atrophy of mind.—*Samuel Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

554.

Southey. Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful.—*Southey and Porson.*

555.

Chesterfield. Cicero was himself a trifler in cadences; and whoever thinks much about them will become so, if indeed the very thought when it enters is not trifling.

Chatham. I am not sure that it is, for an orderly and sweet sentence, by gaining our ear, conciliates our affections; and the voice of a beggar has often more effect upon us than his distress.—*Chesterfield and Chatham.*

556.

Chatham. It appears then, to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance.—*Chesterfield and Chatham.*

557.

Pollio. Cicero sometimes is exuberant. Conciseness may be better: but where there is much wealth we may excuse a little waste, especially when it falls not unworthily. I confess to you I love a nobility and amplitude of style, provided it never sweeps beyond the subject. There are people who cut short the tails of their dogs; and such dogs are proper for such masters: but the generous breeds, coursers of the lordly stag, and such as accompanied the steps of Hippolytus and Adonis, were unmutilated.—*Asinius Pollio and Lucinius Calvus.*

558.

Seneca. You have great need, Epictetus, of an instructor in eloquence and rhetoric ; you want topics and tropes and figures.

Epictetus. I have no room for them. They make such a buzz in the house, a man's own wife cannot understand what he says to her.

Seneca. Let us reason a little upon style. I would set you right, and remove from before you the prejudices of a somewhat rustic education. We may adorn the simplicity of the wisest.

Epictetus. Thou canst not adorn simplicity. What is naked or defective is susceptible of decoration : what is decorated is simplicity no longer. Thou mayest give another thing in exchange for it ; but if thou wert master of it, thou wouldst preserve it inviolate. It is no wonder that we mortals, little able as we are to see truth, should be less able to express it.

Seneca. You have formed at present no idea of style.

Epictetus. I never think about it. First, I consider whether what I am about to say is true ; then whether I can say it with brevity, in such a manner as that others shall see it as clearly as I do in the light of truth ; for, if they survey it as an ingenuity, my desire is ungratified, my duty unfulfilled. I go not with those who dance round the image of Truth,

lers out of honour to her than to display their agility and address.

Seneca. We must attract the attention of readers by novelty and force and grandeur of expression.

Epictetus. We must. Nothing is so grand as truth, nothing so forcible, nothing so novel.

Seneca. Sonorous sentences are wanted to awaken the lethargy of indolence.

Epictetus. Awaken it to what? Here lies the question ; and a weighty one it is. If thou awakenest men when they can see nothing and do no work, it is better to let them rest ; but will they, thinkest thou, look up at a rainbow, unless they are called to it by a clap of thunder ?—*Epictetus and Seneca.*

559.

Marcus. Style I consider as nothing, if what it covers be unsound : wisdom in union with harmony is oracular.—*Marcus Tullius and Quintus Cicero.*

560.

Demosthenes. The habitude of pleasing by flattery makes a language soft ; the fear of offending by truth makes it circuitous and conventional. Free government, where such necessity cannot exist, will always produce* true eloquence.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

561.

Demosthenes. Language is a part of man's character.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

562.

Plato. Illustrations are pleasant merely ; and definitions are easier than discoveries.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

563.

Diogenes. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, but shows by that little what is within. The bladder swells out more with wind than with oil.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

564.

Marvel. Under the highest of their immeasurable Alps, all is not valley and verdure : in some places, there are frothy cataracts, there are the fruitless beds of noisy torrents, and there are dull and hollow glaciers. He must be a bad writer, or however a very indifferent one, in whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such table-land are diminutive, and never worth gathering. What would you think of a man's eyes to which all things appear of the same magnitude and at the same elevation? You must think nearly so of a writer who makes as much of small things as of great. The vigorous mind has mountains to climb and valleys to repose in. Is there

any sea without its shoals? On that which the poet navigates, he rises intrepidly as the waves rise round him, and sits composedly as they subside.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

565.

Pericles. History wants metaphors occasionally ; in oratory they are nearly as requisite as in poetry ; they come opportunely wherever the object is persuasion or intimidation, and no less where delight stands foremost. In writing a letter I would neither seek nor reject one : but I think, if more than one came forward, I might decline its services. If however it had come in unawares, I would take no trouble to send it away. But we should accustom ourselves to think always with propriety, in little things as in great, and neither be too solicitous of our dress in the house, nor negligent because we are at home. I think it as improper and indecorous to write a stupid or a silly note to you, as one in a bad hand or on coarse paper. Familiarity ought to have another and worse name, when it relaxes in its attentiveness to please.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxliv.

Wit

566.

Plato. Every witticism is an inexact thought ; what is perfectly true is imperfectly witty.—*Diogenes and Plato.*

567.

Alfieri. Humour is wit appertaining to character, and indulges in breadth of drollery rather than in play and brilliancy of point. Wit vibrates and spurts; humour springs up exuberantly, as from a fountain, and runs on.—*Alfieri and Salomon.*

568.

Rousseau. Petulance is not wit, although a few grains of wit may be found in petulance; quartz is not gold, although a few grains of gold may be found in quartz.—*Rousseau and Malesherbes.*

569.

Æsop. The appetite and the wits are equally set on the same grindstone.—*Æsop and Rhodopè II.*

570.

Sir Silas. The foolishest dolts are the ground-plot of the most wit, as the idlest rogues are of the most industry.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

571.

Florentine. But humour and facetiousness are the appurtenances of a light heart rather than of a kind one, and rebound for the greater part from something hard about us.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

572.

Landor. Is there a man in the world wise enough to know whether he himself is witty or not, to the extent he aims at? I doubt whether any question needs more self-examination. It is only the fool's heart that is at rest upon it. He never asks how the matter stands, and feels confident he has only to stoop for it.—*Southey and Landor.*

573.

Landor. Exaggeration may be carried to any height where there is wit, but rolls down like a load of gravel where there is none.—*The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.*

History

574.

Pericles. History, when she has lost her Muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The field of History should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me, or interesting, in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We

might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and, at the sides of her, Eloquence and War.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxli.

575.

Aspasia. On an accumulation of obscure deeds arises a wild spirit of poetry; and images and names burst forth and spread themselves, which carry with them something like enchantment, far beyond the infancy of nations. What was vague imagination settles at last and is received for history. It is difficult to effect and idle to attempt the separation: it is like breaking off a beautiful crystallisation from

the vault of some intricate and twilight cavern, out of mere curiosity to see where the accretion terminates and the rock begins.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clii.

576.

Anaxagoras. A good historian will also be a good philosopher, but will take especial care that he be never caught in the attitude of disquisition or declamation. The golden vein must run through his field, but we must not see rising out of it the shaft and the machinery. We should moderate or repress our curiosity and fastidiousness. Perhaps at no time will there be written, by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth. But actions enow will come out with sufficient prominence before the great tribunal of mankind, to exercise their judgment and regulate their proceedings. If statesmen looked attentively at everything past, they would find infallible guides in all emergencies. But leaders are apt to shudder at the idea of being led, and little know what different things are experiment and experience.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxxxiv.

577.

Penn. For History is now become as fond as Poetry ever was of the violent and powerful, and much more contemptuous of low condition. She loves better great nations than great actions, great

battles than great examples, and is ready to emblazon no name under which she describes no shoulder-knot.—
William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

578.

Florentine. There is little perfect truth in the most sagacious of historians, and little pure love of it in the best of men. We are as unwilling to exchange our thoughts for another's as our children, whatever more they may possess of strength or beauty; and the way to conciliate our suffrages is not by dictating and teaching, but by laying before us evidences and testimonies, by collecting what may corroborate them from circumstances, and by raising us to the dignity of judges. The ancients drew characters; we discourse on them: a much easier matter. Everything now is compendious and economical: we make soups from bones, and histories from metaphysics.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

579.

Calvus. Fiction is inseparable from the remoter and higher regions of history. History is essentially dramatic, and the most interesting portions of it are in dialogue. Give us action, and we will reflect upon it. When we are agitated by the movement of events we are impatient of being jogged, and of being told in weighty words what we ought to think

about them. We are among the dead and the living ; in one quarter is the legionary trumpet, in another the funeral horn. Suffer us in this field to be excited, in the next we will repose.

Pollio. Not only the dramatic, not only the imaginative, but even the fabulous may enter history, provided it be announced for what it is. The fabulous is often not only the most pleasant, but also the most instructive in her pages. Caution and dexterity are required to introduce it.

Calvus. The historian, to be worthy of the name, must occasionally exercise the poet's office.—*Asinius Pollio and Licinius Calvus.*

580.

Aristoteles. It is of no importance to the world whether the greater part of historical facts, in such countries [*i.e.*, the East], be true or false ; but they may be rendered of the highest, by the manner in which a writer of genius shall represent them. If history were altogether true, it would be not only undignified but unsightly ; great orators would often be merely the mouthpieces of prostitutes, and great captains would be hardly more than gladiators and buffoons. The prime movers of those actions which appal and shake the world are generally the vilest things in it ; and the historian, if he discovers them, must conceal them or hold them back.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

Drama

581.

Marvel. In comedy, we should oftener raise reflections than present them.—*Milton and Andrew Marvel.*

582.

Peterborough. Elevated sentiment is found in tragedy ; elegant reproof in comedy.

*Penn.** Comedy is the aliment of childish malice ; tragedy, of malice full-grown.—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough.*

583.

Sir Thomas Lucy. Avoid the writing of comedies and tragedies. To make people laugh is uncivil, and to make people cry is unkind.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

Critics and Criticism

584.

Salomon. He who first praises a good book becomingly is next in merit to the author.—*Alfieri and Salomon.*

585.

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour” is a commandment which the literary cast down from over their communion-table to nail against the doors of the commonalty, with a first

and forefinger pointing at it.—*The Pentameron* (Translator's Remarks).

586.

Aspasia. In our censures we are less apt to consider the benefit we may confer than the ingenuity we can display.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, xl.

587.

Southey. The critic of the trade will gain a more certain livelihood and a more reputable one than before, and no great matter will be spent upon his education.

Porson. Which, however, must be entered on in an opposite way from the statuaries: the latter begins with dirt and ends with marble; the former begins with marble and ends with dirt.—*Southey and Porson*.

588.

Porson. Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners; those who have failed as writers turn reviewers.—*Southey and Porson*.

589.

Southey. Our critics are onion-eaters by the Pyramids of Poetry. They sprawl along the sands, without an idea how high and wonderful are the edifices above, whose bases are solid as the earth itself, and whose summits are visible over a hundred ages.—*Southey and Porson*.

590.

Johnson. A critic is never too severe when he only detects the faults of an author. But he is worse than too severe when, in consequence of this detection, he presumes to place himself on a level with genius. A rat or a serpent can find a hole in the strongest castle; but they could about as much construct it as he could construct the harmonious period or "the lofty rhyme." Severity lies in rash exaggeration and impudent exposure. Such as fall into it cut their own fingers, and tie them up so clumsily as to make them useless. He who exults over light faults betrays a more notable want of judgment than he censures.—*Samuel Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

591

Petrarca. No criticism is less benevolent to an author or his reader than one tagged with favour and tricked with courtesy. The gratification of our humours is not the intent and scope of criticism, and those who indulge in it on such occasions are neither wise nor honest.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

592.

Boccaccio. We have no right to gratify one by misleading another, nor, when we undertake to show

the road, to bandage the eyes of him who trusts us for his conductor. In regard to censure, those only speak ill who speak untruly, unless a truth be barbed by malice and aimed by passion. To be useful to as many as possible is the especial duty of a critic, and his utility can only be attained by rectitude and precision. He walks in a garden which is not his own; and he neither must gather the blossoms to embellish his discourse, nor break the branches to display his strength. Rather let him point to what is out of order, and help to raise what is lying on the ground.

Petrarca. Auditors, and readers in general, come to hear or read, not your opinion delivered, but their own repeated. Fresh notions are as disagreeable to some as fresh air to others; and this inability to bear them is equally a symptom of disease.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

593.

Petrarca. There is no occasion to look into and investigate a puddle; we perceive at first sight its impurity; but it is useful to analyse, if we can, a limpid and sparkling water, in which the common observer finds nothing but transparency and freshness: for in this, however the idle and ignorant ridicule our process, we may exhibit what is unsuspected, and separate what is insalubrious.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

594.

Petrarca. Admiration is not the pursuivant to all the steps even of an admirable poet; but respect is stationary.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

595.

Petrarca. On celebrated writers, when we speak in public, it is safer to speak magnificently than correctly.—*The Pentameron*, iii.

596.

Boccaccio. None of the imitative arts should repose on writhings and distortions. Tragedy herself, unless she lead from Terror to Pity, has lost her way.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

597.

Petrarca. In the presence of young persons we ought to be very cautious how we censure a man of genius.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

598.

Petrarca. Among authors, none hath so many friends as he who is just now dead, and had the most enemies last week. Those who were then his adversaries are now sincerely his admirers, for moving out of the way, and leaving one name less in the lottery.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

599.

Boccaccio. The eyes of critics, whether in commending or carping, are both on one side, like a turbot's.—*The Pentameron.*

Reflections

600.

Le Doux. A phrase has lost many a man a friend.
—*Richelieu, Cotes, Glengrin, and Normanby.*

601.

Sandt. Genius but reveals dishonour; commiseration covers it.—*Sandt and Kotzebue.*

602.

Petrarca. Where the purpose of glass is to be seen through, we do not want it tinted nor wavy. In certain kinds of poetry the case may be slightly different; such, for instance, as are intended to display the powers of association and combination in the writer, and to invite and exercise the compass and comprehension of the intelligent. . . . Great painters have always the same task to perform. What is excellent in their art cannot be thought excellent by many, even of those who reason well on ordinary matters, and see clearly beauties elsewhere. All correct perceptions are the effect of careful practice.

We little doubt that a mirror would direct us in the most familiar of our features, and that our hand would follow its guidance, until we try to cut a lock of our hair. We have no such criterion to demonstrate our liability to error in judging of poetry; a quality so rare that perhaps no five contemporaries ever were masters of it.—*The Pentameron*, i.

603.

Landor. The greater part of geniuses may be measured by pocket rules; others require a succession of triangles, must be surveyed from stations upon mountain-heads, and the exact computation of their altitude is to be determined but after some ages.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

604.

Leonora. Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tossed up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.—*Leonora di Este and Panigarola.*

605.

Alferi. To constitute a great writer, the qualities are adequate expression of just sentiments, plainness without vulgarity, elevation without pomp, sedateness

without austerity, alertness without impetuosity; thoughts offered not abruptly, nor ungraciously, nor forced into us, nor stamped upon us: they must leave room for others to bring forward theirs, and help in suggesting them. Vigorous that appears to ordinary minds which attracts the vulgar by its curtness and violence; but coarse textures are not always the strongest, nor is the loudest voice always the most commanding.—*Alferi and Metastasio.*

606.

Although ingenious men be not among the necessities of life, there is something in them that makes us curious in regard to their goings and doings.—*Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.*

607.

Marvel. No eloquence is perfect, none worth showing, none becoming a Christian teacher, but that in which the postulates are just, and the deductions not carried beyond nor cast beside them, nor strained hard, nor snatched hastily.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

608.

Tooke. Good writers are authorities for only what is good, and by no means and in no degree for what is bad; which may be found even in them.—*Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

609.

Marvel. Every great author is a great reformer; and the reform is either in thought or language.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

610.

Johnson. It is better and pleasanter to talk generally on great and high subjects than minutely. Who would examine that could expatiate?—*Johnson and Horne Tooke.*

611.

Petrarca. It is only in literature that what is proverbial is suspicious; and mostly in poetry.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

POETRY

612.

Vittoria. The difference between poetry and all other arts, all other kinds of composition, is this: in them utility comes before delight: in this, delight comes before utility.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

613.

Porson. The effect of the higher poetry is excitement; the effect of the inferior is composure.—*Southey and Porson.*

614.

Delille (to Landor). You are reported to have said that descriptive poetry has all the merits of a handkerchief that smells of roses.—*The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.*

615.

Landor. In poetry, there is a greater difference between the good and the excellent than there is between the bad and the good. Poetry has no golden mean.—*The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.*

616.

Michel-Angelo. In our days, poetry is a vehicle which does not carry much within it, but is top-heavy with what is corded on. Children, in a hurry to raise plants, cover their allotment of border with all the seeds the pinafore will hold : so do small authors their poetry-plots. Hence, what springs up in either quarter has nothing of stamen, but only sickly succulence for grubs to feed on.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

617.

Vittoria. The human heart is the world of poetry: the imagination is only its atmosphere. Fairies, and genii, and angels themselves are at best its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.—*Vittoria Colonna and Michel-Angelo.*

618.

Beranger. Poetry is envious of history, and feels her inadequacy to a like attempt.—*Beranger and La Roche-Jaquelin.*

619.

When we drink a large draught of refreshing beverage, it is only a small portion that affects the palate. In reading the best poetry, moved and excited as we may be, we can take in no more than a part of it.—*The Poems of Catullus.*

620.

In poetry, as in architecture, the Rustic order is proper only for the lower storey.—*The Poems of Catullus.*

621.

Sir Thomas Lucy. The pursuit of poetry, as likewise of game, is unforbidden to persons of condition.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

622.

Doctor Glastin. That which moveth the heart most is the best poetry! it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

623.

Master Ethelbert. From the higher heavens of poetry, it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

624.

Petrarca. The sunshine of poetry makes the colour of blood less horrible, and draws up a shadowy and a softening haziness where the scene would otherwise be too distinct. Poems, like rivers, convey to their destination what must without their appliances be left unhandled: these to ports and arsenals, this to the human heart.

Boccaccio. So it is; and what is terror in poetry is horror in prose. We may be brought too close to an object to leave any room for pleasure.—*The Pentameron*, i.

625.

Boccaccio. Good poetry, like good music, pleases most people, but the ignorant and inexpert lose half its pleasures, the invidious lose them all.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

626.

Boccaccio. Frequently, when there is great power in poetry, the imagination makes encroachments on the heart, and uses it as her own.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

627.

Boccaccio. What is there lovely in poetry unless there be moderation and composure . . . Are they not better than the hot uncontrollable harlotry of a flaunting, dishevelled enthusiasm? Whoever has the power of creating, has likewise the inferior power of keeping his creations in order. The best poets are the most impressive, because their steps are regular; for without regularity there is neither strength nor state.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

628.

Aspasia. No writer of florid prose ever was more than a secondary poet. Poetry, in her bright estate, is

delighted with exuberant abundance, but imposes on her worshipper a severity of selection. She has not only her days of festival, but also her days of abstinence, and, unless upon some that are set apart, prefers the graces of sedateness to the revelry of enthusiasm. She rejects as inharmonious and barbarous, the mimicry of her voice and manner by obstreperous sophists and argute grammarians, and she scatters to the winds the loose fragments of the schools.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxvi.

629.

Pericles. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life ; Poetry is life itself, and everything around it and above it.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxii.

630.

Cleone. Formerly we were contented with schools of philosophy ; we now begin to talk about schools of poetry. Is not that absurd ? There is only one school, the universe ; one only schoolmistress, Nature. Those who are reported to be of such or such a school, are of none ; they have played the truant. Some are more careful, some more negligent, some bring many dishes, some fewer, some little seasoned, some highly.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, liii.

631.

Cleone. To me it appears that poetry ought neither to be all body nor all soul. Beautiful features, limbs compact, sweetness of voice, and easiness of transition, belong to the Deity who inspires and represents it. We may loiter by the stream and allay our thirst as it runs, but we should not be forbidden the larger draught from the deeper well.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, liii.

632.

Cleone. How many things in poetry, as in other matters, are likely to be lost because they are small.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, li.

633.

Aspasia. Poetry is the weightless integument that our butterflies always shed in our path ere they wing their way toward us. It is precisely of the same form, colour, and substance, for the whole generation.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, iii.

634.

Pericles. Our teachers are usually of opinion that wisdom and poetry are like fruit for children, unwholesome if too fresh.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxxiv.

635.

Landor. The heart is the creator of the poetical world ; only the atmosphere is from the brain. Do I then undervalue imagination? No indeed : but I find imagination where others never look for it : in character multiform, yet consistent.—*Southey and Landor.*

636.

Lucullus. The poets are right ; for whatever is received as truth is truth in poetry ; and a fable may illustrate like a fact.—*Lucullus and Cæsar.*

The Poets

637.

Messala. The poet is the assessor of the gods : he receives from them, and imparts to whomsoever he chooses, the gift of immortality.—*Tibullus and Messala.*

638.

Porson. Good men may utter whatever comes uppermost : good poets may not. It is better, but it is also more difficult, to make a selection of thoughts than to accumulate them. He who has a splendid sideboard should have an iron chest with a double lock upon it, and should hold in reserve a greater part than he displays.—*Southey and Porson.*

639.

Landor. Poetry, like wine, requires a gentle and regular and long fermentation. What is it if it can buoy up no wisdom, no reflection; if we can throw into it none of our experience; if no repository is to be found in it for the gems we have collected, at the price sometimes of our fortunes, of our health, and of our peace? . . . The first thing a young person who wishes to be a poet has to do is to conquer his volubility; to compress in three verses what he had easily thrown off in twelve; and to be an hour about what cost him a minute. If he has a *knack* for verses, he must break it and forget it. Both the poet and the painter should acquire facility and frankness; but they must be exercised with discretion; they must be sternly regulated, and in great part suppressed.—*Florentine, English Visitor, and Landor.*

640.

All magical powers, it is said, are dangerous to the possessor: none is more dangerous than the magic of the poet, who can call before him at will the object of his wishes; but her countenance and her words remain her own, and beyond his influence.—*Francesca Petrarca.*

641.

Petrarca. A great poet may do everything but repel us. Established laws are pliant before him:

nevertheless his office hath both its duties and its limits.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

642.

Petrarca. Amplitude of dimensions is requisite to constitute the greatness of a poet, beside his symmetry of form and his richness of decoration.—*The Pentameron*, ii.

643.

Boccaccio. There are poets among us who mistake in themselves the freckles of hay-fever for beauty spots.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

644.

Boccaccio. We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another ; but never will any be justly called a great poet unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society ; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

645.

Petrarca. A poet often does more and better than he is aware at the time, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silk-worm knows about the fineness of her thread.—*The Pentameron*.

646.

In selecting a poet for examination, it is usual either to extol him to the skies, or to tear him to pieces and trample on him. Editors in general do the former : critics on editors more usually the latter. — *The Poems of Catullus.*

647.

There are four things requisite to constitute might, majesty, and dominion, in a poet : these are creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, the pathetic. A poet of the first order must have formed, or taken to himself and modified, some great subject. He must be creative and constructive. Creativeness may work upon old materials ; a new world may spring from an old one. — *The Poems of Catullus.*

648.

Sidney. Poets are in general prone to melancholy ; yet the most plaintive ditty hath imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian. — *Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

649.

Marvel. There is nothing so godlike as a love order, with a power of bringing great things into it. This power, unlimited in the one, limited (but incalculably and inconceivably great) in the other, belongs

to the Deity and the poet.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

650.

Aspasia. For any high or any wide operation, a poet must be endued, not with passion indeed, but with power and mastery over it ; with imagination, with reflection, with observation, and with discernment.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

651.

Aspasia. They who are ill trained in the course of poetry, puff and blow, as the trainers express it, at short distances : they who are trained better, move with little difficulty and no appearance of exertion. Strength does not lie in varicose veins. This is, however, a subject which requires grace only. You like to drink water ; but you like to drink it from a silver cup.—*Pericles and Aspasia, ccxvii.*

652.

Cleone. The old poets are contented with narrow couches : but these couches are not stuffed with chaff which lasts only for one season. They do not talk to us from them when they are half asleep ; but think it more amusing to entertain us in our short visit with lively thoughts and fancies, than to enrich us with a paternal prolixity of studied and stored-up meditations.—*Pericles and Aspasia, cl.*

653.

Aspasia. Never was there poet to whom the love of praise was not the first and most constant of passions.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, 1.

654.

Cleone. The tragic poet rolls the thunder that frightens; the comic wields the lightning that kills.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, viii.

Reflections

655.

Chatham. The image or archetype is God's: He impresses it on things: the poet represents the things as they are impressed on his mind by the hand of the Creator. Now, if this is done, the distance from truth is not remote. But there is a truth accommodated to our nature, which poetry best conveys. There is a truth for the reason; there is a truth for the passions; there is a truth for every character of man.—*Chesterfield and Chatham*.

656.

Landor. Readers of poetry hear the bells, and seldom mind what they are ringing for. Where there is laxity there is inexactness.—*Hare and Landor*.

657.

Hare. Opinion on most matters, but chiefly on literary, and, above all, on poetical, seems to me like an empty egg-shell in a duck-pond, turned on its stagnant water by the slightest breath of air; at one moment the cracked side nearer to sight, at another the sounder, but the emptiness at all times visible. Is your detractor a brother poet?

Landor. An incipient one he may be. Poets in that stage of existence, subject to sad maladies, kick hard for life, and scratch the nurse's face. Like some trees—fir trees, for instance—they must attain a certain height and girth before they are serviceable or sightly.—*Hare and Landor.*

658.

The sweetest song ceases when the feathers have lined the nest.—*Francesca Petrarca.*

659.

Boccaccio. I would not stand upon my verses: it is a perilous boy's trick, which we ought to leave off when we put on square shoes. Let our prose show what we are, and our poetry what we have been.—*The Pentameron, iv.*

660.

Petrarca. Vengeance has nothing to do with comedy, nor properly with satire. The satirist who told us that Indignation made his verses for him, might have been told in return that she excluded him thereby from the first class, and thrust him among the rhetoricians and declaimers.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

661.

Petrarca. A great poet may really borrow: he may even condescend to an obligation at the hand of an equal or inferior: but he forfeits his title if he borrows more than the amount of his own possessions. The nightingale himself takes somewhat of his song from birds less glorified: and the lark, having beaten with her wing the very gates of heaven, cools her breast among the grass. The lowlier of intellect may lay out a table in their field, at which table the highest one shall sometimes be disposed to partake: want does not compel him. Imitation, as we call it, is often weakness, but it likewise is often sympathy.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

662.

Petrarca. Allegory had few delights for me, believing it to be the delight in general of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the passions.

A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the handmaidens of poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mesh.—*The Pentameron*, v.

663.

The Abbé Delille. Milton is extremely difficult to translate; for however noble and majestic, he is sometimes heavy, and often rough and unequal.

Landor. Dear Abbé, porphyry is heavy, gold is heavier: Ossa and Olympus are rough and unequal: the steppes of Tartary, though high, are of uniform elevation: there is not a rock, nor a birch, nor a cytissus, nor an arbutus, upon them, great enough to shelter a new-dropt lamb. Level the Alps one with another, and where is their sublimity? Raise up the vale of Tempe to the downs above, and where are those sylvan creeks and harbours in which the imagination watches while the soul reposes; those recesses in which the gods partook the weaknesses of mortals, and mortals the enjoyments of the gods!—*The Abbé Delille and Walter Landor.*

664.

Sidney. How many, who have abandoned for public life the studies of philosophy and poetry, may be compared to brooks and rivers, which in the beginning of their course have assuaged our thirst, and

have invited us to tranquillity by their bright resemblance of it, and which afterward partake the nature of that vast body whereinto they run, its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion.—*Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney.*

665.

Anaxagoras. It will appear wonderful and perhaps incredible to future generations, that what are now considered the two highest gifts of man, oratory and poetry, should be employed, the one chiefly in exciting, the other in emblazoning, deeds of slaughter and devastation. If we could see in the nature of things, a child capable of forming a live tiger, and found him exercising his power of doing it, I think we should say to him, "You might employ your time better child!"—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

666.

Cleone. There is nothing in poetry, or indeed in society, so unpleasant as affectation. In poetry it arises from a deficiency of power, and a restlessness of pretension: in conversation, from insensibility to the graces, from an intercourse with bad company, and a misinterpretation of better.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

667.

Proxenos. I am sated with flowers. The muses ought to keep out of the market ; if they must come into it, let them not come as greengrocers.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, clxxxiii.

668.

Aspasia. Certainly the most part, even of careful collection, is mere trash. If there is a word too much in sense or sentiment, it is no poem ; just as, if there is a syllable in a verse too much, it is no metre. I speak only of these shorter ; not of those which are long enough to stretch ourselves on and sleep in. But there are poetical cooks so skilful in dividing the tendons of their cub-fed animals, that they contrive to fill a capacious dish with a few couples of the most meagre and tottering.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, cxvi.

MISCELLANEOUS

669.

Demosthenes. It is easier to make an impression upon sand than upon marble : but it is easier to make a just one upon marble than upon sand.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

670.

Aristoteles. Splendid things are the most easy to find, and the most difficult to manage.—*Aristoteles and Callisthenes.*

671.

Demosthenes. The higher and richer bank is corroded by the stream, which is gentle to the flat and barren sand ; and philosophers tell us that mountains are shaken by the vilest of the minerals below them.—*Demosthenes and Eubulides.*

672.

Wallace. What is now to the right bank of a river, is to the left when we have crossed it and look round.—*William Wallace and King Edward I.*

673.

Landor. The lattermath has less substance, succulence, and fragrance than the summer crop.—*Southey and Landor.*

674.

Marvel. A flat ceiling seems to compress those animosities which flame out furiously under the open sky.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

675.

Marvel. Low places are foggy first ; days of sadness wet the people to the skin ; they hang loosely for some time upon the ermine, but at last they penetrate it, and cause it to be thrown off.—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

676.

Landor. Old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it ; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding ; even the free spirit of Man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees.—*Marchese Pallavicini and Walter Landor.*

677.

Boccaccio. The nightingale is a lively bird to the young and joyous, a melancholy one to the declining and pensive. He has notes for every ear; he has feelings for every bosom; and he exercises over gentle souls a wider and more welcome dominion than any other creature.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

678.

Petrarca. In the loftiest rooms and richest entablatures are suspended the most spider-webs; and the quarry out of which palaces are erected is the nursery of nettle and bramble.—*The Pentameron*, i.

679.

Boccaccio. If I must be devoured, I have little choice between the bear and the panther.—*The Pentameron*, iii.

680.

Master Silas. When the ale hath done with its humming, it is time, methinks, to dismiss it.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

681.

Shakespeare. Little dogs are jealous of children, great ones fondle them.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

682.

Shakespeare. Where all is Spring, all is buzz and murmur.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

683.

Sir Thomas Lucy. The laws have loopholes, like castles, both to shoot from and to let folks down.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

684.

Shakespeare. The devil driveth unto his own home; so doth the south wind, so doth the north wind.—*Citation of Shakespeare.*

685.

The most prominent rocks and headlands are most exposed to the elements; but those which can resist the violence of the storms are in little danger from the corrosion of the limpets.—*Francesca Petrarca.*

686.

In a palace we must look to the elevation and proportions; whereas a low grotto may assume any form and almost any deformity.—*The Poems of Catullus.*

687.

Aspasia. A shallow water may reflect the sun a perfectly as a deeper.—*Pericles and Aspasia*, lxxx.

688.

Boccaccio. I would never plough porphyry; ther is ground fitter for grain.—*The Pentameron*, iv.

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